

The Elks

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AUGUST, 1934

EASTERN EDITION



Report of the 1934 Grand Lodge Convention

★ "GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT—EVERYBODY
PAUL JONES" ★



PERHAPS you have never danced the Paul Jones.

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GRACE PERKINS

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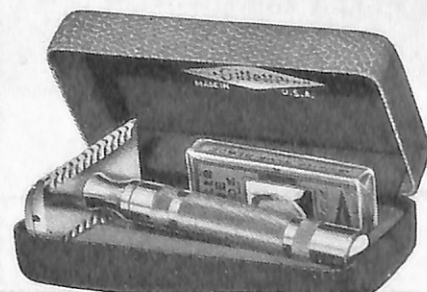
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The Elks Magazine

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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AUGUST, 1934

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This Month

DON'T overlook the annual reports of the various Grand Lodge officers and committees in this issue, or the account of the Convention's business sessions. These important messages provide you with the surest way of keeping in touch with Elksdom's national affairs. Even if you attended the Grand Lodge meeting the reports will refresh your memory; if you didn't attend they will bring you up to date.

BE sure to read Lieutenant E. W. Chamberlain's smashing story, "C. O.," which starts on page 10. It is a tremendously gripping drama of army life. Lieutenant Chamberlain's yarn, "It's So Romantic," in last November's issue, was selected as one of the best 16 short stories of that year by the Editors of United Feature Syndicate. We asked this talented young author for a thumb-nail sketch of his career, and this is what he wrote us:



"Born in Idaho where I suffered the usual diseases of childhood and washed type in the local newspaper office. Later attended the University; pursued Forestry but never caught up to it. Graduated from West Point in 1927. Went to the Philippines where I acquired dengue fever, my first story and a wife. Both the story and the fever are gone, but I still have the wife. At present I am a First Lieutenant, Sixty-fourth Coast Artillery Regiment. The AA stands for antiaircraft and, of course, the 64th is the best AA Regiment in the Army."



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Antony and Cleopatra
Measure for Measure
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Venus and Adonis
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A Lover's Complaint
Love's Labour Lost
All's Well That Ends Well
A Midsummer Night's Dream
Puck and Bottom frolic forever in purest fantasy
Much Ado About Nothing
The original woman-hating Benedick—and what happens to him!
Two Gentlemen of Verona
The Tempest
The wizard Prospero, the brute Caliban, on an enchanted island
Romeo and Juliet
King John
King Richard II
King Henry IV
—and Falstaff, greatest comic character ever invented!
King Henry V
His own crown in doubt, he demanded France's
King Henry VI
King Richard III
Royal usurper, hypocrite, tyrant—murderer!
King Henry VIII
Like people you may know, his affection was dangerous to those he loved
Troilus and Cressida
Timon of Athens
As You Like It
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Twelfth Night
Delightful comedy plus Sir Toby!
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Hamlet
Titus Andronicus
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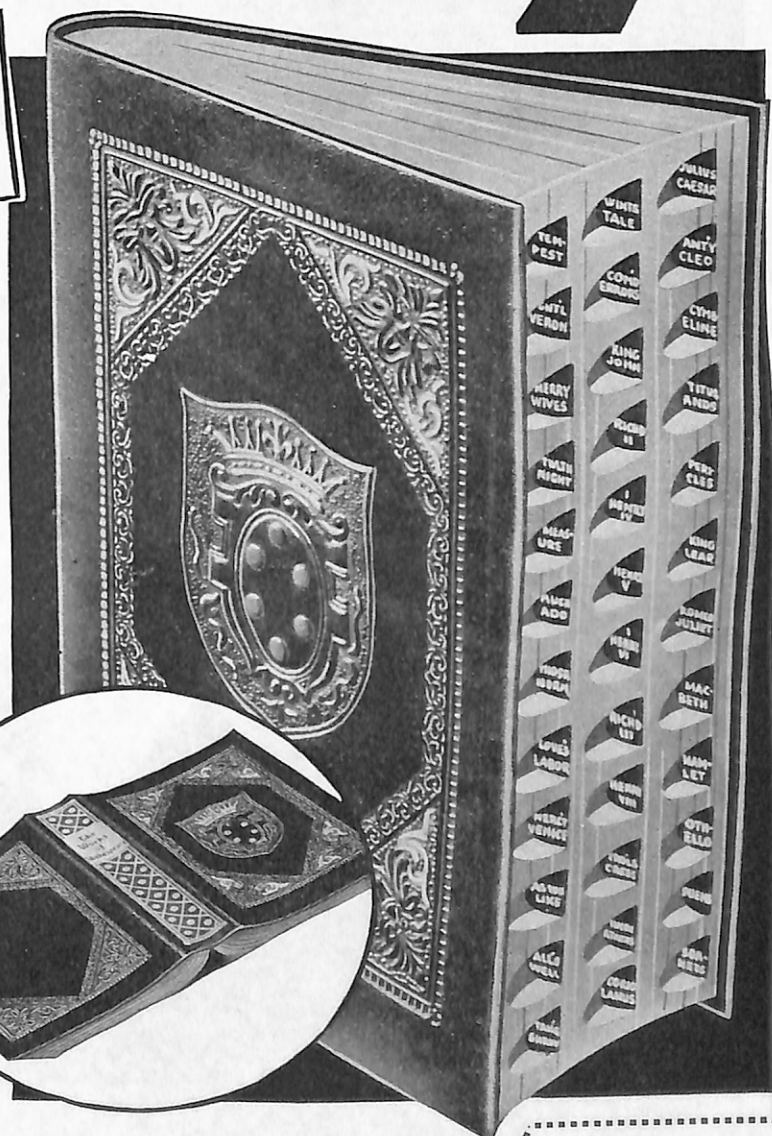
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Name

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City State



Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Kansas City, Mo., July 17, 1934

Speech of Acceptance by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon

Before the Grand Lodge at Kansas City

July 17, 1934

Grand Exalted Ruler and My Brothers:

EACH year for nearly twenty years I have watched the ceremony when a newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler is escorted to the platform and for the first time, as their leader, faces his brothers of the Grand Lodge.

I have observed our Order grow greater and stronger with every year—greater in numbers in the years of prosperity; stronger and finer in the years of adversity!

As each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler has mounted the platform and faced the members of the Grand Lodge, I have shared vicariously with him the tumult of emotion flooding his heart. Without exception, humbleness of spirit and sincerity of purpose have marked the advent of each new Ruler. As I face you this morning I do not feel a sense of great achievement, or pride of place or power, but a very deep sense of humility and a genuine desire to equal in some degree the sincere and lofty motives with which each of my predecessors faced his year of service to the Order.

I am not seriously concerned with the decrease in numbers or the shrinkage in our tangible material property during the last four years.

I glory in the spirit that erected beautiful homes, club houses of perfect appointment, and temples of grandeur from one end of Elksdom to the other. I can well understand the human error that entered into optimistic financial calculations in many instances, for I know that these homes of beauty and temples of magnificence were not erected merely as ostentatious displays, but behind this ambitious building program was the laudable desire to attract by concrete manifestations of material success the thousands of non-Elks who by their numbers and their prestige would allow the Order to carry on with greater honor and glory in its field of service to humanity.

So sure am I of the spirit of Elksdom that I would not fear for the survival of this fraternity if every club house erected during our years of prosperity, if every architectural mansion of the days of gold were to be lost to the Order. The soul of this Order has never fed on material prosperity. Its strength is gained from the life force that flows so joyfully in the true atmosphere of fraternity and friendship.

The muscles of the arm that control a warm handshake are great strengtheners of fraternal spirit and the exercise that is gained from lifting the weak and the fallen never fails to strengthen the sinews of a Subordinate Lodge engaged in its practice. The greatest works of art that ever adorned a Subordinate Lodge building are the smiles on friendly faces. The greatest entertainment, the music of laughter direct from human hearts.

Recently a distinguished Past Grand Exalted Ruler, William M. Abbott of California, confessed publicly to being a sentimental Tommy and in doing so he gave a most beautiful description of sentiment. I give it to you:

"Sentiment is the one beautiful illusion that is left to us in this vale of tears. It is the moonlight and the starlight of the night—it is the sweet music of the twilight—it is the song of the wind in the trees and the rhythm of the waves across rippling waters. You men who have sat out in the stillness of the night and felt the power and the thrill of it know what I mean."

A sentimentalist is a twin brother to an idealist. This is a brotherhood of idealists. It is because we are a brotherhood of idealists that neither wind nor wave, fire, earthquake, tornado, or mortgage foreclosure will ever seriously threaten the life of this Order.

This year a learned and conscientious Grand Lodge committeeman undertook the writing of a history of this Order. Each of us to whom he graciously submitted an advance copy wanted to add, change, emphasize or elaborate. It seemed to me, after I had thought about it, that each of us—all lovers of this Fraternity—carried in the picture gallery of his mind an individual vision of the history of the Order. I had in prospect trying to give you an oral sketch of our history—to marshal the outstanding events of our past that we might look at them together as we would at a proud procession of the regimental flags of a gloriously victorious army. I wanted to prove to you by our record of achievement our ability to carry forward the ambitious program of this year, but I am afraid

that if I were to attempt even to sketch our history it would read like the history of the country of my ancestors.

The source material of the ancient history of Ireland comes largely from the chronicles of the four masters. It is a noble and inspiring record in very great detail of the prowess of Irishmen, collectively and individually. It tells of their battles and victories—very few defeats. In the dim twilight of the past with which it deals, there were no other people of importance inhabiting the face of this earth. Through it all, however, is a strain of whimsical beauty. The trouble is that while reading this intensely interesting narrative you suddenly find yourself diverted from the main highway of fact into a glen of pure fancy where, in a setting of emerald green, the music of falling waters and the sighing of wind through the trees makes a perfect and rhythmic accompaniment for a ballet of the wee people of fairyland—in which, by the way, every true Irishman is still a firm believer.

This may sound like an indictment of the veracity or historical integrity of the ancient chroniclers of the history of the race of my fathers, but the truth is that they, like the true Elks of this day, are such lovers of beauty, such true idealists, that they are constantly striving to make their dreams seem true and consequently working to make their dreams come true.

It was Kipling who said:

I'd not give way for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King—
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—
But this is a different thing.
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,
Sentry, pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall, it's the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true!

THIS afternoon at two o'clock sharp, in the Ball Room of the Muehlebach Hotel, a conference is scheduled to take place between you, the newly elected Exalted Rulers of the Subordinate Lodges, and the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler. I ask you, every one of you, to come and to come promptly on time. I earnestly desire to lay before you there, the plans of a year of intensive effort, a year in which you and I will be playing together a man's part in a great game.

I want to tell you of the Youth Movement of the Elks. The pavements of the cities and the roads of the countryside of Italy and Middle Europe are resounding today with the tramp of the marching feet of their youth. The air is filled with the lusty voices of the young in shouts of salute and cries of command. The red square of Moscow, filled with solid phalanxes of both boys and girls, trained, uniformed and armed, has been exhibited by the Soviet government of Russia on the motion picture screens of American theaters. The world on the other side of the waters is training its young as never before.

The Elks have in preparation a Youth Movement, but our Youth Movement is for the inculcation of the ideals of love of home and country, and the building into our boys of greater dependability and personal fitness. Military training has no part in the Youth Movement of the Elks. It is an insurance policy of peace for our land and a guarantee of the renewal of the youth of this Order.

I want to talk with you about the classification and organization into precincts and districts by each and every Subordinate Lodge of its membership. Every year disaster strikes somewhere in this great land. Elks Lodges are capable of doing even greater emergency relief work in the future than they have in the past, as great and fine as that has been. Organization on the scale and in the manner that I propose will also make the local problems of membership and attendance and ordinary charity and relief work easier and quicker of solution.

There is a plan which has for its purpose the doing of one outstanding act of friendship on each meeting night by every Elk Lodge, and the hope that before the year is out we may be able to establish for a period, a weekly national radio broadcast that will send such a wave of friendliness out onto the air that the problem of membership shall henceforth be that of selection rather than of solicitation.

I want to talk with you about a revival, north, east, south, and west, of good fellowship. Good fellowship that was once the password of the Order, and that has always been its spirit. This country is filled with men who today are more hungry than ever for the hearty greeting and the old time care free gatherings that marked so generously the early era of this Order.

THIS year, however, there stands before the Order of Elks an objective more important than all others.

While the President of the United States and the other duly constituted officers of our government, the legitimate organizations of industry and of labor, are struggling to restore order out of economic chaos, forces that have nothing in common with these duly constituted officials, forces that have nothing to do with decent industrial organizations, that have no sympathy with the accredited leaders of labor, who refer to a great mass of our people—the small home owner, the ordinary business man, the men of the sciences and the professions—as “the bourgeois,” contend that in this country there is a class distinct and apart, whom they pretend to love, called the worker and the farmer. These they rank with the lowest grade of workers and the most poorly educated farmers of the most backward of all foreign countries. To exalt this imaginary class—a separate class that does not exist in America—they would destroy the business of this country, disrupt forever family relations, abolish religion, liquidate American institutions and tear down the flag.

Let us take the testimony of a few of the leaders, ours and the others, a few of the thousands of events occurring throughout the land, to see if it is necessary for us in every section of the country to concentrate our strength into one great effort.

Governor Albert Ritchie of Maryland has said he fears the “next trouble will be not only against depression but against Communistic forces far more destructive.”

Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson, has said recently that “*** the Russian Revolution is looked upon *** as a prelude to the overthrow of *** Democratic civilizations throughout the world.”

A dignity of one of the great churches and an educator of note has said “There is *** at present an organization, highly developed, with international ramifications ***. It has the avowed aim of changing the social and political order which is established by law and the free choice of the American citizens in this United States. It has been in continuous existence for some fourteen years. It is the Third Internationale. In the execution of its purpose, it has always had a special American section, devoted to preparing the overthrow by force of fundamental American institutions ***.”

Joseph Stalin, present Dictator of the Communist Internationale, is quoted in *Pravda*, the official paper of his party in his country, as follows: “The Communist Internationale has created possibilities for the Communist party in the United States to reach the stage where it is able to prepare the masses for the coming revolution.”

William Z. Foster, twice candidate for President of the United States, and for whom tens of thousands of American citizens cast their votes, said in one of his acceptance speeches, “*** the government will not be a capitalistic government but a Soviet government, and behind the new government will stand the Red Army.” And at another time he said, “In the early stages of the revolution, even before the seizure of power, the workers will organize the Red Guard, later on to become developed into a firmly knit, well disciplined Red Army ***. Under the dictatorship, all the capitalistic parties, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist, etc., will be liquidated *** likewise will be dissolved all other organizations of political props of the bourgeois rule, including Chambers of Commerce, Employers’ Associations, Rotary Clubs, American Legion, Y.M.C.A., and such fraternal orders as the Masons, Elks, Odd Fellows, Knights of Columbus, etc., * * * religious schools will be abolished and organized religious training for minors prohibited. Freedom will be established for anti-religious propaganda.”

Within the year, a Past Exalted Ruler of one of our Subordinate Lodges, appearing as an attorney for an American Legion organization, of which he is a member, saw the stenographer of one of the chief attorneys and now a national vice-president of the American Civil Liberties Union, in the act of mailing an envelope filled with newspaper clippings of strikes and riots. And he saw the printed address upon this envelope before it was dropped into the United States mail box. It was “BUREAU OF COMMUNICATIONS, MOSCOW, U. S. S. R.”

On December 24th of last year, the executive committee of the Communist Internationale, meeting in Moscow, in a published statement of aims and purposes of its program, said “There is no way out of the general crisis of capitalism other than the one shown by the October revolution.” The October revolution was an orgy of blood and murder that for brutality and cruelty has never been exceeded by the most barbarous of people.

Immediately following that pronouncement in Russia, there appeared in a paper published in New York, but with a national circulation, the declaration by the Central Committee of the Communist Party U. S. A. (January 23, 1934), “*** our task consists of most rapidly getting the closest personal contact with the masses in the shops and neighborhoods, of the C.W.A. jobs, in the unions

and mass organizations, in the C.C.C. and the Civilian Labor Camps, explaining to them the truth about the N.R.A., organizing and leading them in the struggle. It consists of bringing about united action against N.R.A. on a common program of demands arising out of each particular situation. Our main task consists of revolutionizing the workers by interpreting the struggle in the light of class conflicts, raising political demands, organizing demonstrations, strikes of a political character, raising class consciousness of the workers and recruiting them into the party.”

This is not a question of capital vs. labor, nor a question of organized, vs. unorganized labor, it is not a question of a Democratic party against a Republican party; but it is a question the answer to which some are willing to write in letters of blood.

If all this were merely words, or the wild imagery of a few disordered minds, there would be no need for national concern. But the Communists in the United States, committed to the overthrow of this government by force and violence, are numbered in the thousands. One of their publications says, “When we consider the composition of the mass organizations under our influence with their one hundred thousand members, and the more thousands in the left wing opposition, the one hundred and fifty thousand readers of the foreign language press, then we immediately realize that we have already thousands upon thousands of potential forces inside of hundreds of factories and among the millions of the unemployed.”

Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist party, at the Trade Union Cleveland Conference August 29-30, 1933, stated that the membership in Communist party subsidiary organizations was one million, two hundred thousand members. It sounds extravagant, but remember that in 1920, 919,000 people cast their votes for a man to be President of the United States who was then serving a term in a federal prison for violation of the Espionage Act.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Communist Party U.S.A., was held in Cleveland in April, 1934. The *Daily Worker* of April 14th devoted page after page to a detailed report of the Central Committee in which all of the activities throughout the nation were featured, the sum total of which was that never in the history of the party had there been such progress noted as during the first three months of 1934; that during that period there had been more paid memberships reported than in any other full year in its history.

But the menace is more formidable than numbers alone. A vast and intricate organization has been set up. The United States is now, in 1934, divided into twenty districts, each with its own committee. We are now meeting in Communist District No. 10. Each district is divided into sections and sub-sections, with section committees set up in accordance with the residential locations of Communist members.

Youth organizations, formed to teach not only disrespect, but hate, for American institutions, have appeared everywhere.

Organizations under patriotic names, but designed to destroy confidence in our Government are meeting nightly.

Many organizations exist with names which would indicate that their purpose is to promote peace, when their real purpose is to interest God-fearing, peace-loving people and ally them with the very organization that would destroy their temples of worship.

Bureaus of propaganda are working secretly.

Departments have been established calculated to disturb and confuse the orderly restoration of prosperity and to spoil and hinder any plan of recovery that may be set up by the President of the United States.

Industrial unions, not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, but whose main purpose is to promote and prolong unnecessary strikes and destroy the prestige of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, who would have their members conduct themselves as law-abiding, self-respecting American citizens.

Scattered throughout every section of the land are groups who regard themselves as members of combat forces, prepared and anxious for the ultimate of violence, a violence which they hope to bring about by mob excitation.

To the harangue of the gutter Communists has been added the voices of teachers in schools and high schools and colleges—a small percentage of the whole but great in the aggregate and constituting the most vicious influence in American life today.

Seven hundred school teachers in the State of New York signed a protest to a bill before the Legislature of that State which had as its purpose the requirement that every teacher teaching in the public schools of New York, take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States of America and the Constitution of the State of New York. The petition opposing this bill was circulated through the schools by a group known as the “Teachers’ Anti-War Committee.” The chairman of the committee said the committee was an affiliate of the American League Against War and Fascism.

“This league,” he said, “is an offshoot of the United States Congress Against War.” Literature of the United States Congress Against War, parent body of the Teachers’ group and the League Against War and Fascism, reveals that five avowed Communists are members of the “Arrangement Committee.”

We find, within the last few years, a professor in one of the great universities of the East, who had been a citizen of another country, making application for United (Continued on page 51)



*"Hello," he
grins and waves
a hand at the
room. "Like it?
Just a snaky motif
that hit me on the spur"*

IT'S trout time and word comes how the big brown babies are rising in the Deerfield. So this morning I am in the kitchen, oiling a reel and going over a batch of flies, thinking maybe to outsmart a wise old three-pounder over the holiday.

All at once the door opens. Juvy! She stops short.

"Oh, you're here!"

From the look on her face you'd think she has just discovered an asp in a bride's bouquet.

Juvy is the tall, thin, limp kind, with straight, taffy-colored hair, an ash complexion, red lips and fingernails and a frown in her big grey-green eyes as if the world in general is one large ache. At seventeen, Juvy went modern and cynical. Now, six years later, the thing is chronic. And there's nothing she's quite so cynical about as the headquarters detective who married her big sister Beatrice.

"Girl!"—I give the reel a spin—"the sleuth you'd make! Dope things in a flash, don't you? I'm here. So what?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Only—"

"Only what? You can tell me anything. I'm broad."

She slides me a mealy eye. "It Pooch. He's got a mood. He wants to do a fudge cake."

I sit up. I'm thinking she says fudge cake.

"Come again?"

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Happy Holiday!

by William Henry Wright

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

"Cake. C-a-k-e. Fudge cake. You eat it, you know. Like this."

Here she pokes a long, willowy finger into her mouth in sign language, which is one of the cute ways she has of telling the world how dumb I am and she doesn't care who knows it.

Behind the door there is a shuffle of feet, and the lad himself appears—Ellsworth Pittsinger, that they call Pooch, six-feet-three, mostly arms and legs, with a tassel of floppy hair that droops over his round pop-eyes, and a spread of buck teeth that come at you like the headlights of a motor bus.

"What say, bud?" he gurgles. "Just a little thought for Thursday?"

I groan. No use!

"Gimme a minute and I'll be out of here."

I get ready to migrate. Pooch pushes in.

"What a pal! Old big-hearted Everett!"

He zooms up and cracks me on the back. I am just picking up a fly-folder. It shoots out of my hand and the floor swarms with trout lure.

"Sorry," says Pooch.

He stoops down to help retrieve. Before I can stop him, his big brogans wing three black gnats and a yellow Sally.

"My error!" he cries. "My error, old man!"

He shoves the crumpled flies in my hand and crosses to Juvy, who is opening doors of the kitchen cabinet.

"Let's go, wonder-woman! The eggs, the bowl, the beater—while the mood is on me!"

In another minute they have forgotten me. I only own the place.

I slink up the back stairs. And am I steaming!

In the three years Juvy lives with us, coming as the depression's gift to our home when Waite's hosiery mills close where she is secretary to the president, she has big moments who play the saxophone and who honk horns at the curb after midnight and who snap the necks off empty pints in the drive. And I grin and take it.

But when it gets to where a man can't sit down peaceful in his kitchen to sort a little tackle without a boy friend barging in to bake a cake, I say the time has come to crack down. And I mean it.

"My error!" he cries. "My error, old man!" ... and he shoves the crumpled flies in my hand and crosses to Juvy



Beatrice is on the upper porch cutting out a pair of rompers for little Dorabelle.

She hears me coming and looks up. "Don't bring that fishing truck out here! Do you want to drop a hook and have that child get lock-jaw?"

I count ten.

"Plum-blossom, I'm only passing. Thought you'd like to know. Juvy has Pooch in the kitchen. He's aimin' to bake a cake."

"A what?"

"Cake. C-a-k-e. You eat it, you know. Like this."

I point a finger at my mouth.

"Great Zeus!" cries Beatrice and drops everything.

IN another minute she is hot-footing it down the back stairs. I figure it won't be long now for this Pittsinger ace. A woman will stand a lot from a man until he begins messing around in her kitchen!

And plenty Beat takes since that first dawn when Juvy totes the lad home from the Mime and Masquers' Ball. The minute Pooch steps inside the house he is seized with an urge to rearrange the furniture. It seems he works off and on as a keyman for an interior decorator, and a sour room set-up does things to the pit of his stomach.

When Beat comes down to put the coffee on for breakfast, chairs are so changed she doesn't know whether she's in her own house or over at the neighbor's. The front hall has a funny look. Something seems to be missing. Then it comes to her. The big moosehead I shot on Lake Lafarge—gone!

Goggle-eyed, she steps into the living room. Everything is shifted about. And standing on a table in the corner, rehanging the last of the pictures, is a tall, thin young man she has never seen before, dressed in the garb of a Spanish toreador.

"Hello," he grins and waves a hand at the room. "Like it? Just a snaky motif that hit me on the spur."

Here Juvy, in the costume of Cleopatra, comes up from behind the divan.

"This is Pooch Pittsinger, Beat. You two ought to know each other."

Bit by bit the truth comes out. It's not that the lad is loopy. It's just his natural bent. He calls it the bizarre in him, if you get what he means. I don't; but I come to know. It's a peculiar twist. Just goes against his grain to do and say things like the ordinary person. He has to be different, and then some.

Take the day after the Mime and Masquers' Ball. A delivery van draws up in front of the house and the driver leaves a box for Juvy. In an envelope is Pooch's card with his scrawled writing: "A scrumptious evening—what?"

Naturally Juvy, who doesn't know him so well yet, thinks it's roses. She opens the box. Inside are three large bunches of fresh asparagus. It seems that where a boy friend usually sends flowers, Pooch sends vegetables. For her birthday he gives her a five-pound box of cottage cheese.

From the start it's a peculiar affair that doesn't go according to any of the rules. But it seems that it's just the modern way. Be your personality. And to it all, Juvy merely shrugs her limp shoulders and says:



The din is ear-splitting when Pooch comes on with the best man and King Neptune. Everyone has a horn or rattle or siren that is going full blast

"Why not? If a boy friend wants to give her a bottle of tomato juice instead of a bottle of perfume, isn't it good common sense?"

And since that is the way Juvy feels about it, we all say: "Why not?"

At least, we do until the cake business. That evening, out on the sun porch Beat is pretty glum. For a long time she doesn't say a word—just sits with her arms folded, rocking back and forth the way she does when she's thinking hard.

All at once it comes out. "I wish they'd get married."

I blink. It's a thing I wouldn't say myself, Juvy being her sister. But now that she has brought the subject up. . . .

"Juvy is twenty-three," I offer, not to appear too encouraging. "She'll never be any younger."

Beat frowns. "The girl's no hand to arrange things. That's the trouble."

I guess I look a little blank. "Arrange things? What do you mean 'arrange things'?"

"Oh, Ev, don't be a sap all your life."

"A sap? Me? What's that got to do with it? If a guy don't ask a girl to marry him, what can she do about it?"

"Well, you ought to know."

"Me!"

SHE gives me a pitying glance. "When was the last time you asked a girl to marry you?"

For a moment she has me; then I get her.

"Canoeing on Watershops Pond, weren't we?"

"Man, the memory you've got! And is that all?"

I look blank again. She goes on: "Don't you remember that big yellow June moon coming up over Wilbraham Mountains? And the smell of sweet fern in the air? And the talking-machine playing 'Moonlight and Roses' across the water? Man, that was a setting!"

"But I asked you to go, didn't I?"

"I'll say you asked me! But

wherever do you suppose you got the idea?"

"How do I know where I got it? It just came."

"Yeah? Well, let me tell you, Laughing Boy, I had that canoe-ride planned as far back as Valentine's Day, and the night of that full June moon checked off on my calendar before the ice was off your favorite trout pools."

"Don't tell me you hired a guy to play 'Moonlight and Roses.'"

"No. That was just one of those lucky breaks that usually come along to give you a lift once you decide where you're going. You didn't wait long after the music started, did you?"

I give her a heavy eye. "A frame-up, huh? And what a fine time to find it out!"

She reaches over and pats me on the knee. "Me an' you



both, brother. Never forget that. You know I always thought you were just about the finest thing on two feet from the day you first put on long trousers."

Naturally that ends all argument. And let me say here and now, that when it comes to fraus, I'll tell the slant-eyed world I made a pick!

For a moment Beat is silent. Then:

"It's settling into one of these drifting affairs. Like Martha Dale and that drug clerk. They've been going together for the last ten years to my knowledge. And it's liable to be the same with Pooch and Juvy. If we could get them away somewhere! Throw them together among strangers! Break up the old routine! That might start something!"

Here a lop-sided moon slips around the corner of the porch. Beat squints up at it.

"That moon ought to be about full over the Fourth."

My head snaps up. I hope I haven't been married to Beat for close on to seven years without knowing what she's thinking. And over the holiday G. Everett Ormsbee has an engagement with large trout!

I lose no time in getting out the skids. "Huh, you don't figure a pair of moderns like Pooch and Juvy will go ga-ga over a spot of moonlight!"

"They're human, aren't they? We might go to the beach." I wince.

"Squash-flower, have you lost your head for figures? Think of the nick to the bank-roll for you an' me an' Dorabelle an' Pooch an' Juvy at some hot-cha inn over the weekend!"

"Who said anything about a hot-cha inn! We could camp." "Camp!"

(Continued on page 39)

C. O.

by William Chamberlain

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

THE regiment hated him.

Its hatred was a flaming, magnificent thing which kept men awake, talking in low voices, long after Taps had been blown. It sent officers stumbling into the blazing sunlight, outside of Headquarters, with lips thin and white from unuttered curses. From Joe Bierwicz, who was the newest recruit in "L" Company, to the grey-headed Executive, the regiment was one in its hatred of Colonel Jason Silver.

And, since its hatred was no pose but a living, breathing thing, the regiment prospered—grew hard, compact, efficient. It quarreled with lesser regiments which, having no hate, were soft and defenseless things. It shot with vicious straightness; it marched on—jeering through the dust—while other regiments lay exhausted beside the road; it sang and cursed and hated Jason Silver with a whole soul.

Other colonels saw and envied. They wondered why—but they had forgotten that a regiment is like a woman. It must either love or hate.

The colonel was old—a gaunt, hawk-faced man with predatory eyes. He sat quietly on his bay mare, watching, while the sun bit at his shoulders.

The ranked poplars flung pointed spears of shadow across the baked plain. Twelve hundred pairs of feet, lifting and falling in yellow marching shoes, had pumped a grey haze of dust into the air. It powdered the mare's wet shoulders, dulled the hard luster of the colonel's belt.

He said, "Assemble the officers, Captain Hawks. All the officers."

"Yes, sir."

The adjutant went across the dusty plain with little puff balls of brown sand exploding beneath the feet of his horse. He dismounted and spoke with tired men in sweat-darkened tunics. Back at the edge of the shade the colonel watched, occasionally touching his clipped mustache with the end of a yellow-gloved forefinger.

They came and stood in front of him—a compact little group with the blast of the sun hot on saber scabbards and collar ornaments.

Major Linton, the Executive, said, "Good afternoon, sir. All the officers are here."

The perspiration stood in little droplets on his brown face; there were dark splotches across the back and shoulders of his tunic.

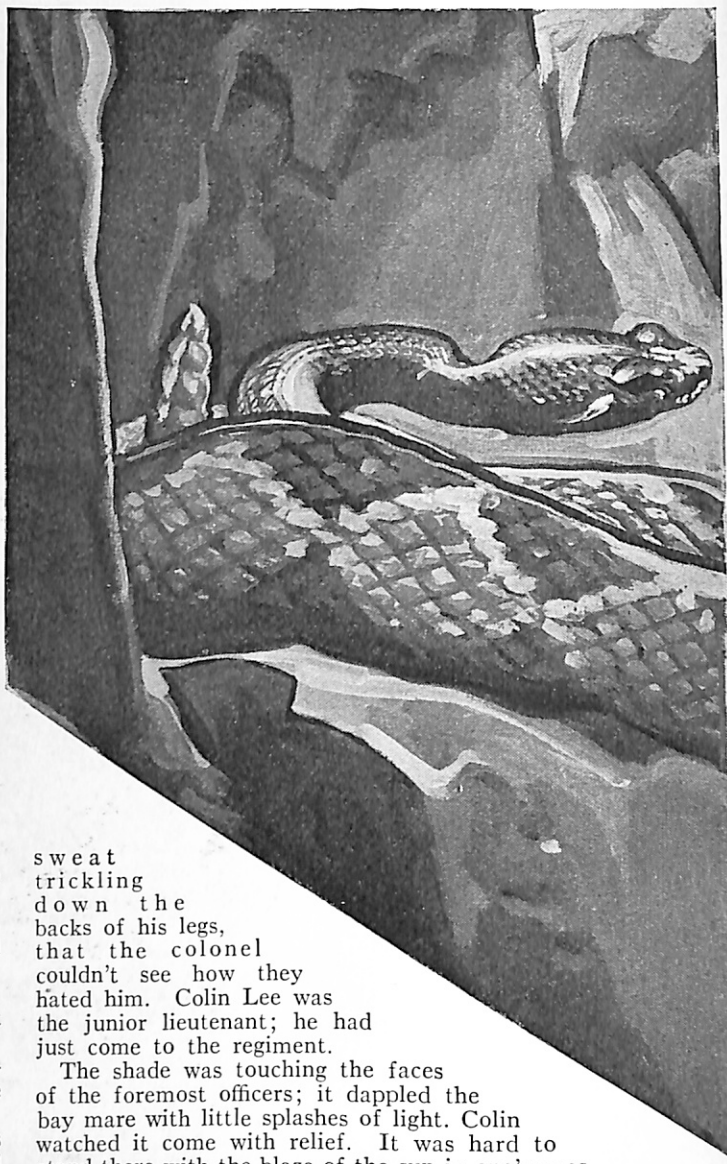
The colonel lifted his hand in a slow return of the major's salute. His face did not relax as he looked at them. The shade of the poplars crept out with a tantalizing slowness while the July sun scourged wet faces.

"Stand at ease, gentlemen."

His voice was like his face, Major Linton thought resentfully—clipped, harsh, empty of any emotion. It was as though his tight lips bit at the words. His eyes moved slowly down the line.

"You are not children, gentlemen. Yet your performance this afternoon has been that of sulky children. It has been unpleasant to watch."

It was odd, Colin Lee thought as he stood there with the



sweat trickling down the backs of his legs, that the colonel couldn't see how they hated him. Colin Lee was the junior lieutenant; he had just come to the regiment.

The shade was touching the faces of the foremost officers; it dappled the bay mare with little splashes of light. Colin watched it come with relief. It was hard to stand there with the blaze of the sun in one's eyes.

"I will not have a slovenly regiment, gentlemen. I believe that you know that."

Colin Lee thought, "It's true. We've been lousy and it's his fault, damn him!"

They were tired—all of them—dog tired. It was an effort to bring heels together; to stand steadily under the bitter lash of the sun. The bay mare jerked at her bit and chains jangled musically.

"I hope that it will not be necessary to mention this matter again."

COLIN LEE licked at his lips. The sweat trickled down his face and dropped onto the smothering tightness of his blouse. It was so damned unreasonable! Yesterday the regiment had come in from a blistering ten-day march; today they should have rested. Other regiments were resting! It was uncalled for—unjust!

Major Linton was saying in a strained voice, "Colonel, the men are tired—we're all tired! You forget, sir, that we've had little sleep in the last three days!"

The colonel's face did not change. He sat quietly with his gloved hands on the saddle in front of him; the sun trickled along the double row of faded ribbons on his breast. After a while he lifted a forefinger to touch his mustache. Colin hated that gesture.

"Tired? Yes, that is true."

The colonel's voice was low, almost gentle. Colin hated that, too. He knew that, underneath, Colonel Jason Silver was not gentle. He was hard—as hard and unyielding as aged steel. Now his eyes were moving slowly from face to face again.

"Gentlemen, most of you—most of your men—have no



The rattlesnake lay, looped like a deadly spring, on a rocky shelf; its flat head was a scant yard from the two men and on a level with their own

conception of the physical weariness which a soldier must endure in battle. We fit ourselves for battle on the drill fields of peace. I cannot accept your excuse, Major."

The slanting sunlight bathed Major Linton's wet face. His tight lips were oddly pale against the mahogany of his tan. He thrust out a hand abruptly.

"I was making no excuses, sir," he said in a thick voice.

The colonel seemed not to hear. The bay mare jerked her head nervously and he steadied her. He lifted that forefinger again to his mustache.

"It is now two-thirty," he went on without emotion. "At three the regiment will fall out with full packs. We will march to the Old Cantonment and back this afternoon."

They stared at him, scarcely believing that they had heard. It was unthinkable that even Jason Silver would turn out tired men for a full pack march in the blistering afternoon.

Major Linton's face darkened with the sudden rush of blood. He breathed heavily—put out his hand again.

"It's impossible," he said in a low voice. "You can't do that, Colonel."

The quiet was an appalling thing.

Colin moistened his parched lips with his tongue. He felt a little sick and wished that he could lie down somewhere. A fly had settled on the bay mare's neck; she jerked her head irritably. The colonel lifted his riding crop and brushed the fly away. He seemed not to have heard the major's words.

"You may go now, gentlemen."

They went slowly with scabbarded sabers clanking against their knees with a metallic monotony. Captain McQuade was swearing under his breath—



One of Colonel Jason Silver's "Iron Ration Marches" was something to be remembered—and to be lived through

blasphemous curses which bubbled across his lips.

"It's eight miles to the Old Cantonment and back," Eddie Thomas said in a strangled voice as he plodded beside Colin. "Eight miles, damn him!"

Colin didn't reply—there was nothing to say. Behind them the colonel sat on the bay mare and watched. His shoulders were square and stiff beneath the tight grip of his tunic.

Captain McQuade sat down slowly behind his desk in the company office. He motioned for Colin to close the door which led to the first sergeant's cubby-hole. There was a queer expression in Captain McQuade's eyes, Colin thought—a triumphant, vengeful expression.

He said flatly, "There's an inspector here from the Corps. He's at Headquarters now."

HE took a crumpled package of cigarettes from his pocket; flicked a paper match into flame. The morning sunlight fell in a mellow rectangle across the battered desk. Outside, the first sergeant talked loudly.

"You mean . . . ?" Colin asked, but he knew the answer already.

McQuade nodded through the curtain of grey tobacco smoke. His brown face had set into inscrutable lines.

He started to speak, but stopped as someone tapped at the door. It was the first sergeant—a grim old man with grey patches at his temples. He saluted with the ease of long practice.

"It's about Bierwicz, Cap'n," he said in answer to McQuade's question. "He's gettin' worse every day."

McQuade gestured impatiently as though his mind was filled with other matters.

"What now, Sergeant?"

"Wouldn't get up for reveille again this mornin', sir, an' he gave Corporal Willis some lip when he ordered him to make up his bunk. He's no good, Cap'n."

"He's been in the company over a month now, Sergeant." The old man ran an impatient hand through his grizzled hair. "That's right, Cap'n. A month an' he's dirty an' he's lazy an' you can't tell him a thing. He's th' worst recruit I ever seen. He don't want to try to learn to soldier."

McQuade crushed the half-smoked cigarette against the sole of his boot. Outside the window a column of blue-denimed men marched, shoes clumping on the pavement, as they came back from the machine gun range.

"Send him in to me when he gets back from drill, Sergeant. I'll talk with him."

"Yes, sir."

"I know the type," McQuade said wearily when the first sergeant had gone. "Slum-whelped and gutter-raised. Born to make trouble."

"He's pathetic in a way," Colin said. "I've watched. He just doesn't fit in."

"Well, we'll work with him and we'll punish him and we'll pray over him and, in the end, we'll make a soldier out of him." The older man's voice was sardonic. "And then the Old Man will march him eight miles in the sun with a full pack. . . . Aw, hell!"

He lighted another cigarette and stared at the untouched pile of papers on his desk.

"That's why the Inspector is down?"

"I've got friends at the Corps," McQuade answered in a quiet voice. "I knew it was coming—orders from Washington. Some Congressman found out that twenty-seven men went to the hospital from exhaustion."

"Someone in the regiment wrote?"

McQuade turned slowly. His face looked suddenly old; his eyes were hard as he stared at Colin.

"Listen to me, son. The regiment doesn't squeal. We may hate Jason Silver's guts—but we don't squeal."

"Yes. I understand, sir."

The bright rectangle of sunlight on the desk was growing shorter. Colin watched it with unseeing eyes. McQuade sat with the cigarette dying between his teeth while he drummed with tight knuckles.

COLONEL SILVER sat in the chair behind his neat desk and stared, with bleak eyes, at the man in front of him. Major Linton stood at one side, waiting.

Lieutenant-Colonel Landon, the Inspector, was a stooped, angular man with a head which seemed too large for his shoulders. He moved his hands with nervous gestures; turned his eyes, now and then, to glance at the stenographer who made notes in a neat book.

He consulted the paper in his hand and looked dispassionately at the man behind the desk.

"On the ninth of this month your regiment made a march of some one hundred and forty miles, remaining in the field ten days. That is correct, Colonel?"

"It is," Colonel Silver said.

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on page
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Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Grand Lodge of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier

SECTION 24, Grand Lodge Statutes, provides that the Grand Exalted Ruler shall prepare and present to each regular Grand Lodge session, a complete printed report of the business and transactions of his office during the Grand Lodge year in which he served as such official, together with such suggestions and recommendations relative to the laws or other matter or things of interest to the Order as he may see fit to incorporate therein. Pursuant to this direction, I now give you an account of my year, which to me will ever remain as one characterized by great responsibility, yet the most pleasant of all of the years of my life.

At the beginning of my administration, I determined that I would permit nothing of a personal or private character to cause me to swerve from the resolution expressed in my speech of acceptance, that I would give primary consideration to your affairs. The extent to which I have adhered to this resolution is for you to judge.

Visitations

THE character of activities that shall mark the administration of a Grand Exalted Ruler is something that is left to the determination of each incumbent of the office, and at the outset of my administration I was put to the necessity of deciding what activities on my part would best promote the interest and welfare of the Order. During the immediately preceding years, we had been passing through one of the most trying periods to which our Order has been subjected. In common with every other fraternal organization, we had been recording a loss in membership owing to the stress of the financial and economic condition prevailing in our country, and the elimination from our rolls of those who had become of our number, either out of curiosity or without a proper appreciation of its aims and purposes, or who did not find in the Order the particular objects of their quest.

To stem the tide of losses, it became apparent to me that the fullest service that I could render to the Order would be to furnish to the members and Subordinate Lodges, to the greatest extent, the inspiration of a personal contact with the chief executive of the Fraternity. I, therefore, determined at an early date that I would for the time being forsake the home and fire-side and devote myself with the greatest possible diligence to the making of this contact. I further determined that, so far as possible, I would distribute my visitations in such a manner as to permit not only the greatest number of visitations, but also the greatest opportunity for members of the Order, wheresoever situated, at some time or another during the year, to be present at an official visitation of mine.

In carrying out this policy, I am glad to be able to report that through it I have been privileged to visit 526 of our Subordinate Lodges. As a matter of statistics, I record the additional fact that in making these visitations, and in carrying on the other duties incident to the office, I have traveled an aggregate 85,328 miles by water, air, automobile and rail. In arranging these visitations, with the exception of four or five instances, every Lodge to which I intended to pay a visit was notified of the date and hour thereof, from three to four weeks in advance, so that ample plans could be

made to assemble the members of the Lodge at the time specified, and with the few exceptions mentioned, I was privileged to speak to members of the Order so assembled at 522 Lodges. Incidentally while I was making such visitations, I was frequently called upon to speak before other bodies and I delivered 113 public addresses before bodies not made up exclusively of members of our Order. In addition, during the year, I have been on the air 39 times. I have improved all of these opportunities to spread the gospel of Elksdom to the best of my ability, and an accurate estimate of the number of people I have been able to contact in such addresses, exclusive of the radio broadcasts, furnishes an aggregate of upwards of 97,000 people.

In the making of my visitations, I left the beaten paths and went out into districts where there were many of our Lodges that had not theretofore had a visitation from a Grand Exalted Ruler. Of such Lodges, I have contacted upwards of a hundred and fifty. I have pursued this course for the reason that I feel the strength of our Order lies mostly in the large number of comparatively small Lodges. It is the many units, each with a membership of less than a thousand, that go to make up the rank and file of Elksdom. I would not for a moment minimize the value of the large Lodge. It is capable of carrying on works of greater magnitude than a small one, but where you have been privileged to come into personal relationship with the latter and realize the important place it holds in the community where it exists, and learn of the wonderful charitable, relief and patriotic nature of the work carried on by it, the greatest of admiration is engendered, and the members of such a Lodge are entitled not only to credit for the fine work they are doing, but also to every encouragement and assistance that can be rendered.

It has been generally assumed that in order to have a successful meeting, it is necessary for the members of a Lodge to convene in the evening. My experience during the past year has demonstrated that some of the most successful meetings can be held at other hours of the day. When I discovered the readiness with which the members of our Order would respond to meetings at unusual hours, I immediately began to improve the opportunity of holding meetings at any convenient hour of the day.

Some were held at the breakfast hour; some in the middle of the morning; some at noon; and some in the middle of the afternoon, as well as in the evening. Had I not pursued that course, I would not have been able to make the contacts that have been mine during the year. The attendance recorded at these various meetings has been such as to show that there is not only a deep interest in the Order in every section of our country, but also in almost every one of our Subordinate Lodges, the officers are doing their utmost to make practical application of the ideals upon which the Order is founded and to demonstrate that the Order of Elks is in fact, the greatest of American fraternities.

I am of the opinion that no greater service could be rendered to our Order by succeeding Grand Exalted Rulers than to distribute their visitations in such a way as to permit of visiting the smaller Lodges of our Order so that there shall not be among the whole

number of our subordinate bodies any one that shall be characterized as "the forgotten Lodge."

Armistice Night Initiation

IN my speech of acceptance, I expressed the hope that all of our Subordinate Lodges might be in simultaneous session on Armistice Night and, as a part of the observance of that great day, bring into our Order a substantial number of members who would be inspired by the patriotic character of our ceremony of initiation. I am happy to report that there was a very ready and generous response to this movement. The idea of holding a simultaneous initiation appealed to the officers and members of the Lodges. The interest in the movement was greatly increased by the fact that we had arranged for a national broadcast over the Columbia network immediately following the initiation.

I was happy that we could have as participants in that broadcast not only the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, himself a member of the Order, whose message was of an inspiring character, but also one of his cabinet members, Brother James A. Farley, a Past Exalted Ruler, a Past District Deputy and a Past President of the New York State Elks Association, who spoke to the countless numbers who tuned in on the program. It was highly fitting that one of the speakers upon this national broadcast should be the dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Brother Joseph T. Fanning, who delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and I know of no privilege during the year that I will remember as more precious than that which was mine upon this occasion of speaking officially for the entire Order.

I think that the idea of staging a simultaneous initiation should be continued. As heretofore stated, this year we held it on Armistice Night. In most instances the organizations that had arranged for an observance of the Armistice Anniversary, generously cooperated with the officers and members of the Subordinate Lodges in carrying out our plan, but in a few instances, there was an apparent inability to coordinate the two observances. It appears to me that nothing could be more appropriate than to hold such a simultaneous initiation on the Birthday Anniversary of our Order. What could be of greater propriety than to have all of our Subordinate Lodges in simultaneous session on the night of the anniversary of the organization of the Order of Elks? It would furnish an opportunity adequately to observe that great event and at the same time be clear of any possible conflict with any other program. I hope that a response to this suggestion will be found in the breast of my successors. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see it adopted.

Initiations and Reinstatements

INVESTIGATION discloses that a number of fraternal organizations during the past year have continued to have an increased loss in their memberships. Our Order has been especially fortunate. We have continued to maintain our position as a fraternity with upwards of a half million members. Our initiations have been 7,232 more than last year, and on April 1, 1934, there were 6,885

(Continued on page 52)

Report of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

The Elks National Memorial Building

During the preceding year ending April 30th, 1934, approximately three hundred thousand persons visited the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago.

The fact that the Century of Progress was attracting unusual crowds to the City during a part of this period undoubtedly contributed to this result. But there has been a gratifying increase in the number of visitors during normal conditions, which indicates a growing interest in our beautiful memorial.

It is becoming more and more generally recognized as an outstanding patriotic and fraternal shrine. To it increasing numbers will repair to pay tribute in the years to come, and through it the Order will continue to speak its message of patriotism and fraternity to all who behold it.

The Elks Magazine

We are gratified to report that the business of your Magazine has improved during the past year over the previous one, as we felt confident it would; this improvement is evidenced by the earning of a net surplus of \$140,396.46, as shown in this report, as against a surplus earning of \$108,003.95 the year before.

This result has been attained through the continued practice of rigid economy and increased advertising business and in face of reduced subscription receipts.

The Commission feels that THE ELKS MAGAZINE has so conclusively proved its value to the Order in the accomplishment of all the purposes for which it was established that it is needless to repeat here the evidences of that fact with which the membership of this body is familiar.

From the total surpluses earned during the past twelve years, there have been turned over to the Grand Lodge, or paid out at its

direction the following sums:

Turned over to Grand Lodge and used for reduction of per capita tax for year 1924-'25	\$200,000.00
National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to defray cost of art features for National Memorial Headquarters Building	480,000.00
Administrative expenses of National Memorial Headquarters Commission from June 1, 1926 to May 31, 1933; (seven years)	165,342.10
Maintenance, taxes, city improvements, and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1926 to May 31, 1933; (seven years)	236,321.23
Payment in full of Grand Lodge appropriations of \$350,000.00 to the Elks National Home, Bedford Va., for new building	350,000.00
Payment of expenses incurred by the Grand Lodge for official visits of District Deputies, ending March 31, 1930, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, California, July, 1929	15,466.22
Paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge July, 1930	150,000.00
Paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge July, 1931	75,000.00
Paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge July, 1932	50,000.00
Paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge July, 1933	43,474.33
THE ELKS MAGAZINE has paid the following sums from its surplus balance of the past year:	
Administrative expenses	

Total Surplus
\$2,181,080.89

of National Memorial and Publication Commission; (travel, legal expenses, etc.) from June 1, 1933 to May 31, 1934	3,935.33	
Payment of expenses incurred by the Grand Lodge for official visits of District Deputies, ending March 31, 1934, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July, 1933	8,946.46	
Maintenance, taxes, city improvements and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1933 to May 31, 1934	28,984.10	1,807,469.77
Leaving a surplus balance of	\$ 373,611.12	
The balance thus obtained is made up as follows:		
Inventory of invoices (printing and wrapper paper, stories, articles, cover designs, illustrations, etc.) already paid for, but applicable to future issues of the Magazine	\$ 49,731.27	
Securities	32,000.00	
Cash Surplus, working capital, June 1, 1934:		
Open Banks	\$251,472.45	
Closed Banks	40,407.40	291,879.85
		\$ 373,611.12

WITH this report and as a part thereof, there is filed a financial statement to June 1, 1934, of the receipts and disbursements of the Funds of the Commission, under the official audit of West, Flint & Company, New York, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge Auditing Committee also audited the accounts of the Funds under the control of the Commission and has certified its approval of them in its report to the Grand Lodge.

Faternally submitted,
NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION,
JOSEPH T. FANNING, JOHN K. TENER,
Secretary-Treasurer. Chairman.

Excerpts from Annual Reports Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Kansas City, Mo., in July

From the Report of the Grand Secretary

Grand Lodge Finances

THE total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ended May 31, 1934, amounts to \$267,288.05; expenses amount to \$274,921.66, showing an excess of expenses over income of \$7,633.61.

Current assets, \$175,293.29; other assets (cash in closed bank), \$315,982.85; fixed assets, \$1,213,368.39, making the total assets of Grand Lodge \$1,704,644.53.

Subordinate Lodge Finances

REPORTS filed in this office show that subordinate Lodges of our Order had, at the beginning of the year just closed, cash assets of \$2,124,501.62. During the year they received from all sources \$11,847,174.93, and expended \$11,912,981.12, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1934, \$2,058,695.43.

These reports show total assets of subordinate Lodges to be \$70,553,495.34.

District Deputy Visitations to Subordinate Lodges

THIS item of expense, amounting to \$8,946.46, was paid by THE ELKS MAGAZINE and is not included in the statement of Grand Lodge expenses.

New Members and Reinstatements

IT is gratifying to note that 26,243 new members joined our ranks during the past fiscal year. In that same period 18,724 former members were reinstated. A further source of satisfaction is found in the fact that on April 1 of this year 6,885 persons were awaiting initiation into our Order.

In another part of this report is to be found a list of Lodges, 324 in number, showing gains. Great praise is due these Lodges for their splendid work.

Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic Work

BELOW is a list of Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic activities in which subordinate

Lodges are engaged, together with total moneys expended for same:

Relief of Members, their Widows, Orphans, Dependents, Burials, etc.	\$ 406,699.71
Summer Camps, Outings, etc.	35,733.14
Milk, Ice and Fuel	25,362.36
Crippled Children	147,438.20
Medical Aid	22,547.83
Hospitals	26,567.75
Miscellaneous Charities	158,939.32
General Aid for Needy Families	64,378.03
Thanksgiving Baskets	27,702.63
Christmas Baskets	331,647.00
Boy Scouts	11,003.22
Girl Scouts	1,167.80
Big Brother Work	6,741.20
Playgrounds, including prizes	7,487.17
Scholarships, Text Books, etc.	10,381.50
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.	42,034.09
Veterans Relief	7,913.08
Flag Day, Constitution Day, etc.	46,830.44
Elks National Foundation	22,201.55
Total	\$1,402,776.02

Detail of subordinate Lodges' charitable, welfare and patriotic activities has been assembled and immediately after the Grand Lodge Session an analysis of this work, in book form, will be mailed to each subordinate Lodge of the Order.

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

The Elks National Home

EIGHTEEN years have passed since the first units of the present Elks National Home were erected, and your Board is pleased to report that the quality of material and grade of workmanship on these buildings are such that to date there is to be found no sign of deterioration. In fact the Home stands as a monument to those choice spirits whose care, deliberation and foresight brought to its present consummation this splendid retreat for our aged and indigent brothers.

Neither economy of the pattern that sacrifices comfort to expediency, nor extravagance that flaunts itself in ostentation have influenced the realization of what has been achieved. The main purpose has been to make for our brothers a real home, where the good things that round out the daily happiness of man are to be found.

In a material way the Home has been erected, fitted and furnished with rare judgment and good taste. But other things are to be found therein Love is in its atmosphere. The principles of Elksdom are there enshrined. The Home breathes the spirit of our fraternity, and within its walls are to be found warmth, cheer and companionship.

The problem of caring for our guests is not free from complications. However, it is proper to state that almost without exception the rules and regulations prescribed by the Superintendent and Board of Grand Trustees are cheerfully obeyed. There is a strong cooperative feeling among the Superintendent, residents and the Board, which goes far toward making life in the Home happy and comfortable. We are proud of our guests and they in turn are deeply in love with and strongly attached to the Home.

Fraternally submitted,
A. Charles Stewart, Chairman

From the Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

IN view of economic conditions, it gives us considerable satisfaction and pleasure to state that the Elks National Foundation has received additional contributions in amount substantial for these times, that its annual income has been slightly increased, and that its investment portfolio is in excellent condition. Since May 31, 1933, we have received donations amounting to \$21,452.00, bringing the total donations made to our principal fund to \$341,588.50 as against \$320,136.50 last year.

All but \$1,225 of the additional donations was paid in as installments upon subscriptions and is evidence of the loyal support which is being given by some of our State Associations, subordinate Lodges and individual members. Of the balance \$1,000 was contributed by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier with an enthusiastic endorsement of the Elks National Foundation as "the greatest humanitarian and charitable activity ever undertaken by any fraternal organization." We are grateful to the Grand Exalted Ruler not only for his gift, but also for his enthusiastic and generous advocacy.

We bring your attention to our investment portfolio, of which we think we may be justly proud. The principal fund has been invested in accordance with our policy of wide diversification in forty-five different securities. We have had no impairment of income during the year except a reduction of \$50 in dividends. Our total income for the year was \$14,015.11, as compared with \$13,314.45 last year, an increase of \$700.66.

In the financial statement which we attach to this report, our investments are carried at cost and no loss or gain is shown until it is actually taken. We have had an appraisal

made, however, as of June 6, 1934, and this shows that if we liquidated all of our holdings at market as of that day, our principal fund would be reduced only 11% as compared with a depreciation of 17.5% indicated in a similar appraisal a year ago.

We deem it to be our duty to safeguard and keep intact the principal of our fund, and, therefore, under advice and guidance of our accountants, we have not only set up a Depreciation Offset Fund, by which 20% of our annual income is set aside to offset any depreciation of the investments, but we amortize all premiums paid on investments over a period not greater than five years.

The expenses of administration for this last fiscal year amounted to \$2,791.90. The principal items are as follows:

Travel Expense.....	\$1,129.11
Office Expense.....	1,261.85
Fiscal Agency.....	185.00
Surety Bond.....	175.94
Total	\$2,751.90

Accompanying this report are schedules which show the amount and source of the money which is in the fund and a statement of the principal and income account as of May 31, 1934.

Our records show that 432 subordinate Lodges and 28 State Associations have subscribed for Honorary Founders' Certificates. This is a gain for the year of 4 subordinate Lodges. All the new subscribers are located in South Dakota, namely—Watertown No. 832, Mitchell No. 1059, Yankton No. 994 and Sioux Falls No. 262—and by virtue of these subscriptions South Dakota is now 63% subscribed.

We have adhered to our declared policy of using the income of the fund for the most part to foster, promote and assist in financing the welfare activities of the Order which are carried on by groups of subordinate Lodges under well conceived plans, which contemplate the raising of a substantial portion of the money required for the work within the State in which it is carried on. In order that you may be informed in regard to Elk endeavors throughout the country in the different fields of philanthropy, we give you a brief summary of facts gleaned from the reports which are sent to us showing the work carried on by the groups of subordinate Lodges to which we have given assistance.

Arizona State Elks Association—\$3,000.

Arizona State Elks Association is maintaining a tubercular hospital at Tucson. The Lodges pledge themselves to contribute an annual amount; the citizens of Arizona assist with donations; the doctors of Arizona give their services without charge.

New Jersey State Elks Association—\$1,500.

The Lodges in New Jersey carry on through the State Elks Crippled Children Committee of the State Association a very extensive work in rehabilitation of crippled children, and the Lodges raise and expend large sums of money in this very worthy endeavor.

Massachusetts Elks Association—\$1,500.

The Massachusetts Elks Association has a scholarship fund, from the income of which scholarship loans are made to deserving young men and young women to enable them to go through college.

Illinois Elks Association—\$1,500.

The Illinois State Elks Association, through its Welfare Activities Committee, maintains state-wide crippled children's clinics. The money to carry on this work is raised by contributions from the Lodges. The doctors give their services without charge, but are allowed a flat rate per clinic to cover traveling expenses.

Florida State Elks Association—\$1,500.

The Harry-Anna Memorial Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Florida, is sponsored and operated by the Elks of Florida acting through the Florida State Elks Association. The money to carry on this activity is contributed by the Florida Lodges, by individual

Elks, and by donations from other sources.

Georgia Warm Springs Foundation—\$2,000.

When it became known that a national committee had been organized for the purpose of raising a fund for presentation to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation as a birthday gift to our brother member, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and that Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning had been appointed Chairman of the Division of Fraternal Orders of said Committee, the Foundation Trustees voted to contribute \$2,000 to this fund. This was done in recognition of the fact that President Roosevelt is a member of our Order, and in appreciation of the President's courteous and effective co-operation with Grand Exalted Ruler Meier in the Armistice Day National Class Initiation, as well as to contribute in substantial amount to a splendid humanitarian endeavor.

Total Contributions—\$11,000.

New York State Elks Association has raised a fund to be administered through its Special Elk Activities Committee "to aid subordinate Lodges in the care of worthy brothers suffering physical disability and financially unable to care for themselves, provided that the Lodge of which the brother is a member is not financially able to entirely assume such responsibility." This fund has been raised by contributions from individual Elks and by donations from other sources. Our Board has voted to appropriate \$2,500 to assist New York State Elks Association in this endeavor, but the money has not yet been paid out.

Scholarships

THE offer of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300. of each State in which 50% of the subordinate Lodges are enrolled as subscribers for Honorary Founders' Certificates, or of the equivalent in money for use in a philanthropy selected by the State Association of such State, was continued by the Foundation Trustees during the year 1933-34 and was availed of by the following State Elks Associations: Massachusetts, Maine (two donations—one a postponed payment from the year 1932-33), Nevada, New York, Connecticut, Arizona and New Hampshire—total Scholarship distributions: \$2,400.

FOR the Grand Lodge year 1933-34, Vermont State Elks Association has selected Mr. William E. Renaud of St. Albans, a student at Fordham College, for Elks National Foundation Scholarship award. This money will be paid at the beginning of the school year.

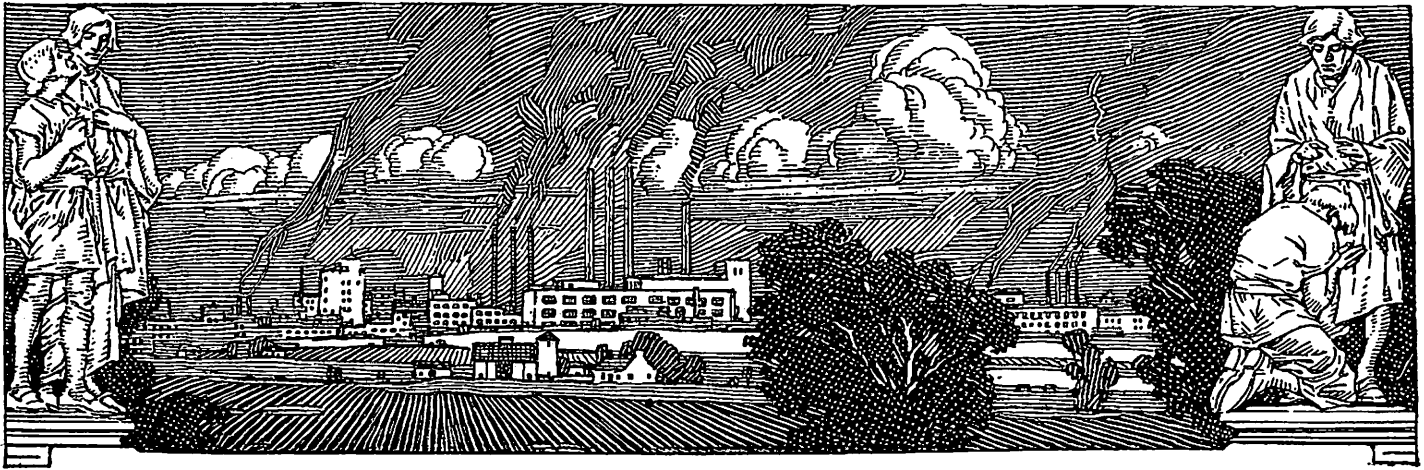
For the Grand Lodge year 1933-34, New Hampshire State Elks Association has requested that the \$300 allocated to that State be donated in equal amounts to the Sisters of Mercy Infants Asylum at Manchester and the Gray Nuns St. Joseph's Orphanage at Nashua, and donations will be made accordingly.

For the Grand Lodge year 1933-34 the South Dakota State Elks Association has requested that the \$300 allocated to that State be donated to the Department of Child Hygiene of South Dakota for use in the rehabilitation of crippled children, and the donation will be made accordingly.

Our Board has decided to continue for another year this offer of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300.00 upon the terms and conditions set forth in the Special Bulletin dated October 1, 1931, copy of which is made a part of this report. We urge the State Associations in the States which are eligible to receive this donation to avail themselves of the opportunity to award a scholarship to some deserving young man or woman, or to use the equivalent of the scholarship for some humanitarian service.

In our report to the Grand Lodge last year, we offered two Elks National Foundation Prizes of \$1,000 each: One to be awarded to the most valuable student in the graduating class of a high or preparatory school or in any class in college—the other, to the subordinate Lodge of our Order which made the most notable record in any field

(Continued on page 56)



EDITORIAL

WALTER F. MEIER,
P. G. E. R.

THE junior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who has just completed his term of office as Chief Executive of the Order, has established an all-time record for Lodge visitations. No other Grand Lodge officer has ever visited so many, nor such widely separated, Lodges during his incumbency. Indeed, the record is likely to stand unchallenged for years to come.

But, in thus commenting upon this particular activity of the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, it is not intended to cite it as his chief service to the Order. Such an imputation would unfairly minimize the far greater service he has rendered by his efficient administration of its affairs, by his example of loyalty and devotion, and by the inspiration he has brought to thousands of its members by his personal contacts with them, as well as by his formal addresses to them.

Walter F. Meier has splendidly maintained the high standards set by his predecessors. He is recognized, not only by his official associates but by Elks everywhere, as a real leader. It is gratifying to feel that the Order may confidently rely upon him for the same wise counsel and unselfish service in the future that he so generously gave during his successful administration just ended.

LODGE OBLIGATIONS TO THE GRAND LODGE

EVERY Elk recognizes that the Order is primarily a charitable organization, and that its benevolent purposes are founded upon sentiment. We love to think of our fraternity in this humanitarian aspect, and we speak with pride of its accomplishments. But it must also be realized that it cannot carry on its work in its chosen field, nor even adequately function at all, without the financial income essential to its needs and provided for by Grand Lodge statutes.

That income is made up almost entirely of the annual

Grand Lodge dues required to be paid by the subordinate Lodges, based upon their respective memberships. And since the several Lodges collect these dues from their individual members, there is no legitimate excuse for the failure by any Lodge to promptly remit them to the Grand Secretary. In effect they constitute trust funds; and they should be so regarded.

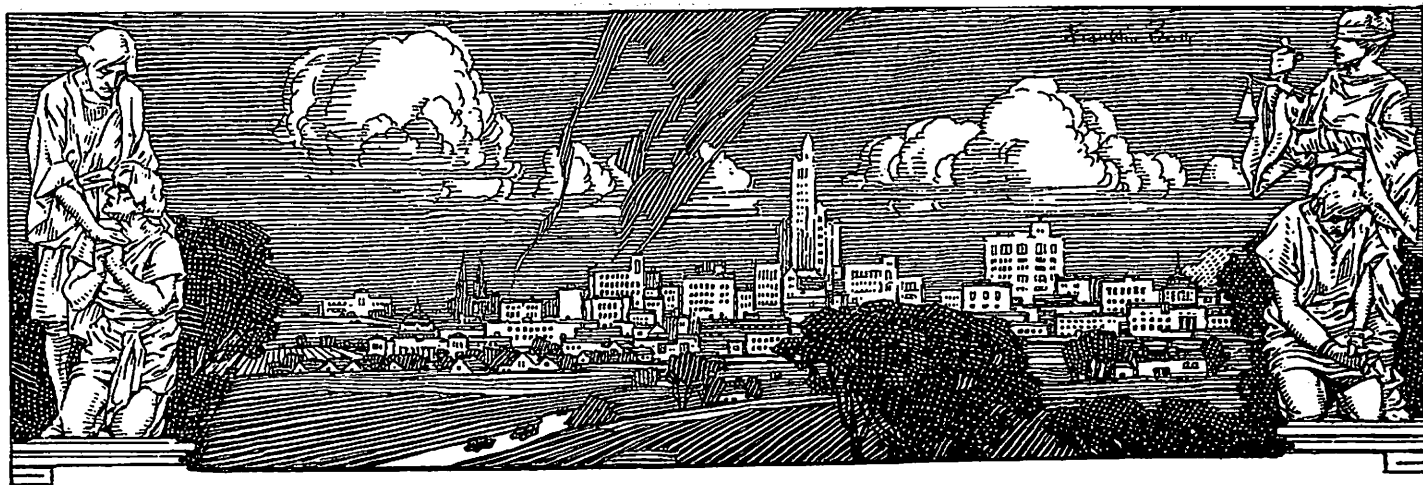
Unfortunately, during the recent period of stress which has affected all organizations alike, some of the Lodges have failed in their duty to make prompt remittance of the Grand Lodge dues as required by law, and have used the funds for local Lodge purposes. Necessarily such failures bring embarrassment to those who are charged with the administration of an accurately calculated and formally adopted budget, which is predicated upon prompt settlements of subordinate Lodge liabilities to the Grand Lodge.

A moment's thought will convince any one of the unfairness displayed toward the Lodges which obey both the spirit and the letter of the law in this matter, by those others which observe neither. It will be readily understood that such unfairness cannot be long countenanced or excused by officers who are sworn to impartially administer the laws of the Order. A delinquent Lodge is no more entitled to be considered in good standing than an individual member who has not paid his Lodge dues.

It would seem, from the annual reports to the Grand Lodge, that the time has come for plain speaking; and for aggressive action toward the Lodges which fail to respond properly. Disciplinary measures are available to deal effectively with those which persist in disregarding their obligations; and the exercise of this power should be invoked by those officers who are charged with the duty of receiving and administering these funds.

Such action, however much to be regretted, would meet the approval of the membership generally; for it is the very essence of Justice that our laws be enforced with impartiality.

No Lodge is small enough to be considered an exception. No Lodge is big enough or important enough to the Order to be permitted to flout its authority.



A TRIUMPH FOR DEMOCRACY

T is quite natural that there should have been differences of opinion as to the wisdom of some of the measures that were adopted as a part of our national recovery program. It is equally natural that there should now be differences of opinion as to the manner in which they have been administered. Where so many considerations are involved, affecting such diversified, and sometimes competitive, interests, this is inevitable.

But every patriotic citizen must feel a keen sense of pride and satisfaction in the fact that our exigent situation, the acuteness of which was comparable with that of other countries, has been dealt with entirely by the ordinary processes of legislation. Whatever has been done has been authorized by the chosen representatives of our whole people. No dictator has arisen to assume arbitrary control of our affairs, with a dictator's disregard of cherished personal liberties.

Extraordinary powers have been conferred upon certain officials to meet an unusual emergency. But these have been legally conferred by Congress; and the right to revoke them has been definitely retained by that representative body, whose province it is to deal with them under the provisions of our Constitution.

Our present situation, with conditions returning to normal, and, in some degree at least, speeded toward that end by the unusual methods adopted, must be regarded as a real triumph for our democratic form of government.

Though revolution, bloodshed, and drastic changes in governmental structures have occurred in other countries, as the result of the world-wide depression and incident unrest, our own government has continued to function in the manner prescribed by our fundamental law; and with the least practicable interference with individual freedom of action.

With all the complaints and criticisms aimed at specific features of our governmental administration which may not be approved by this group or that, there is a quite universal accord in the assured belief that our form of government is the best that has yet been devised; and that it will endure.

Happily the American people as a whole are still

loyally devoted to the fundamental principles of our Constitution, and patriotically determined to support its provisions designed to protect and preserve those principles.

**MICHAEL F. SHANNON,
G. E. R.**

THE office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks is one which, by virtue of its importance and the wide range of activities required of that official, calls for qualifications that are rarely combined in one man. To adequately administer that office, one must not only possess intellectual ability, forceful character, and the willingness to perform unselfish service; he must also be endowed with a winning personality, the capacity to inspire a loyal following, and be imbued with the true Elk spirit. Above all he must have acquired, through actual experience, a first hand knowledge of the Order as a whole, its history, its true purposes, the practical conditions under which it must operate, and the accepted methods of conducting its fraternal and business affairs.

The Order is to be congratulated in finding those varied qualifications so happily united in the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler, Michael F. Shannon.

He has had an unusually wide experience in the service of his Lodge and of the Order. As an active lay member of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, as its Exalted Ruler, and subsequently as an interested member of numerous committees supervising its most important undertakings, he became an outstanding figure in the fraternal life of that community. As a member of the Grand Lodge, as Grand Esquire, as a member of the Judiciary Committee, and as a Justice of the Grand Forum, he has consistently proved his unfailing devotion to every duty assumed and a notable capacity for their efficient performance.

He is essentially dynamic and forceful, compelling admiration. But he is also inherently kindly and genial, winning fraternal affection from all who come to know him.

It is with confidence that the prediction is here made that his administration will carry the Order to new heights of achievement, and will be one in which every Elk may feel a just pride.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Pontiac, Mich., Lodge Thanked by Elks National Home

In response to an appeal for books to be presented to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., which recently appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, members of Pontiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 810, immediately got on the job. In short order they were able to send a shipment of some 400 good books of fiction, together with 25 jig-saw puzzles to be enjoyed by the residents of the Home.

A much appreciated letter from Superintendent Robert A. Scott of the National Home was recently received by Pontiac Lodge, acknowledging the gift box.

Ind. North District Assn. Meets at Valparaiso

The Indiana North District Elks Association held its spring meeting with Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge, No. 500, acting as host. The social session and dance held on the first night was attended by a capacity crowd.

On the following day the regular morning session was called by D.D. A. Gordon Taylor, Pres. Present were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Ass't. Grand Sec'y. F. J. Schrader; P.D.D.'s Edward J. Greenwald, Trustee, and Julius Albe, Third State Vice-Pres.; Harry K. Kremer and John Van Delester. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael and Past State Pres. Clyde Hunter were also in attendance.

At noon the meeting was adjourned for a banquet luncheon given by the Vivians, Valparaiso Lodge's society of ladies. The afternoon session began with an exemplification of the ritual of initiation by East Chicago Lodge, No. 981. Several addresses were made, including that of Grand Secretary Masters, before a lively session was concluded. The next meeting of the North District Association will be held at Elkhart on October 28.

P.E.R. Floyd D. Saxton,
Gary Lodge

Green Bay, Wis., Lodge in Market for Uniforms

Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259, is in need of thirty band uniforms and would be interested in purchasing them from an Elk Lodge that has discontinued its Band. Any Lodge wishing to sell thirty uniforms is requested to get in touch with H. F. Wetzel, Exalted Ruler of Green Bay Lodge.

H. F. Wetzel, E.R.



The Elks Junior Band, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge atop the Empire State Building during their recent vacation visit to New York where they visited a number of the City's points of interest

Chattanooga Lodge's Junior Band Visits New York

The Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, recently spent a week in New York City seeing the sights of the metropolis and learning what they could of the Nation's largest City. The trip was planned and executed as entertainment and education for the boys rather than as a concert tour. It was felt that the boys, after a season of hard work, deserved a reward.

Among the events enjoyed during their sojourn was a luncheon given for the band by Adolph S. Ochs, owner of the *New York Times*, who is himself a native of Chattanooga. They were also the guests of former Governor Alfred E. Smith at the Empire State Building, and of the eminent Band Conductor Edwin Franklin Goldman, at a concert on the Mall in Central Park. Mr. Goldman conducted special selections for the young musicians, dedicating several numbers to them. During their stay the Elks Junior Band, most of the members of which are also members of the Antlers Lodge of Chattanooga, visited Radio City and the studios of N.B.C. Before they left they attended a baseball game at the Yankee Stadium and visited Coney Island.

The Elks Junior Band is an entirely self-supporting organization, and one of the finest boys' bands that can be found in the South. It is managed by P.E.R. W. V. Turley of Chattanooga Lodge, and directed by P.E.R. Major H. E. Hobday, also of No. 91. Mrs. Turley is Treasurer. Mr. and Mrs. Turley and Major and Mrs. Hobday accompanied the Band on its trip.

After leaving New York the boys were scheduled to go to Charleston, S. C., to attend the South Carolina State Elks Assn. Convention. This annual meeting was postponed a week by the Association in order that the delegates might be enabled to hear the Band. The postponement was considered a great compliment by the boys.

Among the boys are Don Andrews, Karl Andrews, Morris Bales, Richard Bidwell, Brown Blakely, Leland Browne, Roy Clinton, Morgan Cobb, Herman Colquhite, Norman Cotter, Eugene Cox, Eli Elson, Harold Farrer, Donald Haines, Morris Harrison, S. C. Hennessee, Jack Henry, Henry Hobday, Jr., Nathaniel Hyden, Joe J. Ivins, Melville Kelly, Howard Luther, Milton Habry, C. F. Morrison, Garvin Nolan, Hubert Pless, Bill Rennick, Buddy Robinson, A. E. Swafford, Glenn Tallent, Lloyd Taylor, Harry Van Arsdale, Carl Wheeler, John B. Whitten and Verner Willbanks.

Booklet Published by Crippled Children Committee of Haver- straw, N. Y., Lodge

The Crippled Children Service Committee of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, working in conjunction with the Rotary Club in a cooperative program, has recently published a most informative and constructive booklet on the laudable work of aiding crippled children.

The booklet, comprising 28 profusely illustrated pages, contains an article by Postmaster-General James A. Farley, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw Lodge, and a complete, authentic and instructive history of the movement since its inception.

A copy of the booklet, entitled "The Haverstraw Plan for Crippled Children Work," will be sent to Lodges requesting it. Application should be made to the Crippled Children Service Committee, B.P.O. Elks Lodge, No. 877, Haverstraw, N. Y.

Memorial to P.G.E.R. Cronk, Dedicated at Franklin, Pa.

The unveiling and dedication of the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Cronk, in the Clarion Cemetery at Franklin, Pa., occurred on Sunday afternoon, July 1. Two hundred Elks were in attendance and other persons to the number of 600 were also present.

Participating in the program was the Franklin Band of 40 pieces. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener was the first to speak, delivering his address as the representative of the Grand Lodge. While his remarks were brief, they struck a most responsive chord in the audience. At the conclusion of his address Mr. Tener presented P.D.D. James G. Bohlender, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the Dedication. Mr. Bohlender presented the officers of Franklin Lodge, who rendered the ritualistic service.

At the conclusion of the ritual, the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," and then the memorial, a handsome marker of Bedford pink granite bearing the name George P. Cronk and the notation of his service as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1902-03, was unveiled by E. M. Sweitzer and F. L. Bensinger.

Mr. Bohlender then introduced P.D.D. James B. Borland who spoke. After Mr. Borland concluded his speech, the procession re-formed and returned to the Masonic Lodge, the use of which had been kindly tendered for the occasion.

In addition to Elks from Franklin, Pa.,

and Olean, N. Y., Lodges, the following Pennsylvania Lodges were well represented in the assemblage attending the memorial dedication: Oil City, New Kensington, Kittanning, Braddock, Titusville, Warren, Reynoldsville, Apollo, Wilkinsburg, Butler, Kane, Charleroi and Ridgway.

The total height of the granite block, brought from quarries in Salisbury, N. C., is 4 feet, 2 inches, its width being 7 feet at the base and 5 feet at the top. Flanking it were baskets of delphinium. Clarion Heasley, who supervised the floral arrangements, had planted two Irish juniper trees which stand guard as sentinels beside the tablet.

The Committee which functioned on behalf of the Grand Lodge for the memorial included: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman; John F. Nugent, Past State Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. James B. Borland; and P.E.R.'s Frank L. Bensinger, and Lawrence D. Gent, of Franklin Lodge. The entire occasion proved to be one of the most noteworthy in the history of Franklin Lodge.

P.D.D. James B. Borland

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert Takes Office as United States Judge

After his recent appointment as Judge by President Franklin D. Roosevelt had been confirmed by the United States Senate, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was sworn in as a Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. Judge Hulbert, a member of New York Lodge No. 1, took the oath of office as administered by Federal Judge John C. Knox on June 28, 1934.

Judge Hulbert has enjoyed an interesting career. He was elected to the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth Congresses from the Twenty-First District of New York, a position which he ultimately resigned to become Commissioner of Docks and Director of the Port of New York. In 1921 he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen for a term of four years, 1921 to 1925. In his tenure of office Judge Hulbert served as Acting Mayor of New York City during the several months' illness of Mayor John F. Hylan.

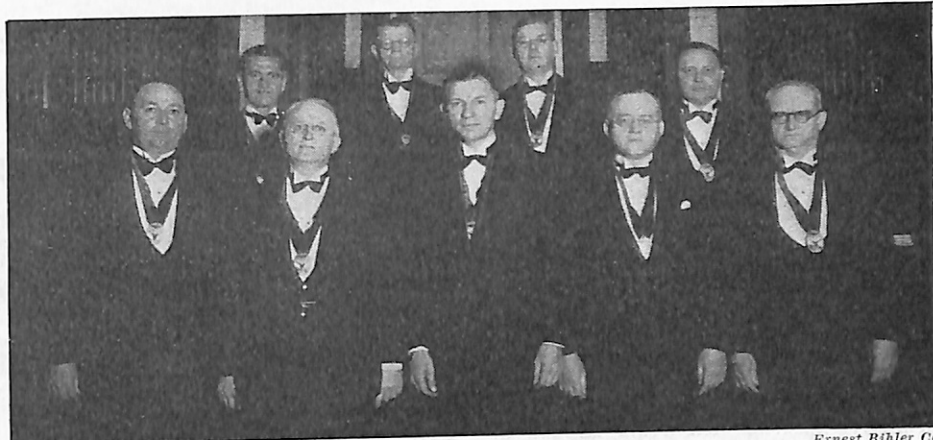
Judge Hulbert was President of the Boston-Cape Cod and New York Canal Company, performing splendid service for that concern. From 1924 to 1928 he was President of the American Athletic Union, as well as being First Vice-President of the American Olympic Association.

As Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Judge Hulbert served in that office from 1928 to 1929.



International News Photo

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert being sworn in as a United States Judge by Federal Judge John C. Knox



Ernest Bihler Co.

Officers of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, who won the McCloud Cup at the Ritualistic Contest of the Nebraska State Association Convention

Pulaski, Va., Elks Visit Elks National Home

A large contingent of Pulaski, Va., Lodge, No. 1067, Elks, accompanied by their families and friends, made a trip to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., recently. They took with them the Pulaski Firemen's Band, an organization of 55 members, many of whom are young men, for a concert under the direction of Professor Alexander U. Fine.

The party was hospitably received by Superintendent R. A. Scott, and the residents of the Home. It was the first time many of the visitors had seen this splendid Home maintained by the Order, and they were emphatic in their praises of the buildings, the grounds and the appointments. A picnic lunch was served.

C. W. Bushong, Correspondent

A Service for Lodge Bulletin Editors

A revised and up-to-date list of articles and editorials that have appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE and which are suitable for republication in Lodge bulletins, was mailed recently to every bulletin editor of which THE ELKS MAGAZINE has a record.

If you edit a bulletin for your Lodge, and if you failed to receive a copy of this list, THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be glad to send you one on request. Please, when you write in, include the name of your bulletin as well as the address to which matter intended for it should be sent.

Greenville, O., Lodge Holds Two Successful Initiations

Greenville, O., Lodge, No. 1139, has enjoyed a successful and active season. During the months of April and May the Lodge succeeded in staging two splendid initiations. A number of Greenville's finest young men were invited to a smoker held by No. 1139, and the party resulted in the initiation of a class of 31 candidates.

Immediately following the initiation the membership was divided up into two teams, each racing the other to see which could achieve the most applicants for membership. Each application and reinstatement was counted as a home-run. The game netted 27 new candidates.

These two classes have given Greenville Lodge a gain of 63 members for the year, reducing the Lodge debt by \$1,000 and providing an additional \$1200 which was expended in improving the Lodge Home.

W. H. Brokaw, E.R.

D.D. Carroll Welcomed by Meriden, Conn., Lodge

A large number of Elks recently made their appearance at the Home of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, to pay honor to D.D. Charles N. Carroll at the time of his official visit to his home Lodge. Fifteen Lodges of the State were represented at the meeting.

D.D. Carroll had as his suite 15 P.D.D.'s, and 16 P.E.R.'s of Meriden Lodge. Over 300 Elks attended the meeting. Mr. Carroll delivered the principal address of the evening. At the conclusion of the session the members adjourned to the hall where dinner and an entertaining floor show were enjoyed.

William M. Scully, Secretary

Springfield, Vt., Lodge Initiates Large Class

A special initiatory meeting of Springfield, Vt., Lodge, No. 1560, was held recently, preceding a banquet at the Adnabrown Hotel with over 100 persons present. Among the guests were Elks representing the Lodges of Montpelier, Rutland, Brattleboro and Hartford, Vt., Claremont and Keene, N. H., and Boston, Mass.

The initiatory work on the 26 candidates was done by the officers of Springfield Lodge, who were later complimented on their fine exemplification of the ritual by State Pres. John J. Cocklin. Among the distinguished Elks present were Past Grand Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, of Montpelier; State Pres. Cocklin, and Past State Pres. Charles F. Mann.

Following the initiation the members were regaled with some excellent dancing and singing by two lady entertainers from Boston. Another featured event of the evening's program was the presentation of a Life Membership to P.E.R. Leon N. Longe, who was Charter Member No. 1. On June 11 Springfield Lodge initiated another candidate.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Golf Team Plays St. Marys Lodge

Members of the Golf Team of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, together with their ladies, were hosts recently to the St. Marys, Pa., Lodge Golf Team and their ladies. The matches were played on one of the local courses. Afterward the visitors were entertained at the cabin which adjoins the golf course, and which belongs to A. G. Plankenhorn, the retiring President of the North Central District Elks Association. Mr. Plankenhorn is a P.E.R. of Williamsport Lodge.

State V.P. Scott E. Drum, of Hazelton, and District V.P. Earle Hoffer, of Bellefonte, together with their wives, were guests of the occasion.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Wins Panama Soft Ball Championship

The Soft Ball Team of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, has recently become the champion team not only of the Canal Zone but of Panama. It is believed that this is the first time an Elk team has won the championship of any country.

Soft ball, as an outgrowth of indoor baseball, is played on an outdoor field, requiring a technique all its own. Of this technique the Cristobal Elks have proved themselves masters. The Team was one of an 8-team League representing departments and divisions of the Panama Canal, the Navy, steamship companies, fraternal organizations, et cetera. The League played the first four-month schedule with a split season, each half consisting of two months. In the first half Cristobal Lodge finished third in the league standing, and in the second half first. The strong Panama Railroad Team won the first half.

As the League rules stipulate that the winner of the first half plays the winner of the second for the Atlantic side championship, Cristobal Lodge played the Panama Railroad Team and defeated it in two straight games, thus winning the championship of the Atlantic side.

A similar Soft Ball League was in operation on the Pacific side of the Canal, and the Mechanical Division of the Panama Canal won the Pacific side championship. Consequently a "Little World Series" was arranged between the two championship teams. It is pleasant to relate that No. 1542 defeated the Mechanical Division Team two games out of three.

The team was captained and managed by D. H. Rudge. S. S. Blackburn pitched 17 wins and had only 3 defeats.

John W. Dwyer, P.E.R.

Member Inspires Montpelier, Vt., Lodge to Action

The members of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, No. 924, are rooting for Bill Bartlett, a member who, after his health and life had been given up, staged a notable comeback. Mr. Bartlett went into the hills where, in the sun and rain, heat and cold, he fought his way back to health. He was suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage.

His battle for health was an epic engagement with the dread disease. By living in a tent winter and summer, and drinking 16 glasses of milk a day, this man, who for 248 days barely held his own against death, recovered.

As soon as he was on his feet Mr. Bartlett formed the Keep Well Club, enrolling 2,500 children. With his disabled veteran's pension he financed the printing of a small paper recounting the history of the Keep Well Club, had Keep Well Buttons made, and made printed application blanks for his Clubs, which are scattered throughout seven states. The dues to the Club are 24 deep breaths a day and two glasses of milk.

The bravery and persistence of Mr. Bartlett in his fight for life have inspired his fellow-Lodge members with much the same spirit in bringing Montpelier Lodge back to the top. A concerted membership campaign has been in progress, and the activities of No. 924 have been increased and made more interesting through the heavier participation of the membership. Montpelier Elks are looking to Bill Bartlett for inspiration both for their own health and for the health and prosperity of their Lodge.

P. E. Hill, Secretary



The Handball Team of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge which recently won the coveted Handball Championship of the Republic of Panama

Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-Fifth Anniversary

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener as the principal speaker, Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, recently observed its 35th Anniversary. Other speakers on the program were State President Col. Charles C. Robinson; William D. Hancher, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials and J. P. Brownlee, P.D.D. A concise history of the Lodge was given by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Patrick H. Shields.

Special honor guests included charter members, ten of whom remain active. A program of musical activities enlivened the dinner, and an open house reception concluded the observance. Representatives from the Lodges of Martinsburg, Elkins, Grafton, Fairmont, Sistersville, Charleston, Morgantown and Moundsville, as well as from a few Lodges in neighboring States, were included in the 250 or more persons to attend the celebration.

*D.D. Walter B. Wilson,
State Secretary*

Kittanning, Pa., Lodge Honors D.D. Francis T. Benson

One hundred and thirty-seven members of Kittanning, Pa., Lodge, No. 203, as well as other Elks from Western Pennsylvania, recently attended a testimonial banquet in honor of D.D. Francis T. Benson. Mr. Benson is just completing his second successive term as District Deputy of the Central District. He has brought much honor both to his Lodge and to his District. Many prominent guests at the dinner were called upon for short talks, and they mentioned the outstanding work which Mr. Benson has accomplished during his two years of office. Mr. Benson responded most appropriately.

Among those present at the dinner were D.D. John M. Shaw; Past State Pres. John F. Nugent; State Trustee R. C. Robinson; the Rev. Martin G. Bierbaum, State Chaplain; W. C. Kipp, Pres., and F. S. Moran, Secy., of the Central District Association; P.D.D. C. O. Morris and the Exalted Rulers of several surrounding Lodges.

John H. Cushman, Correspondent

Jersey City Lodge Honors Retiring Exalted Ruler

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, recently honored its retiring Exalted Ruler Charles P. McGovern with a testimonial dinner—the largest affair of its kind in a number of years. Among the speakers introduced by the Toastmaster, Frank P. McCarthy, Est. Lead. Knight, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Past State President Francis P. Boland; P.E.R. Frank G. Walter and Major Eugene F. Kinkead.

Included in the list of invited guests were Governor A. Harry Moore, P.E.R. of Jersey City Lodge; D.D. Thomas Osborne; Judge Robert V. Kinkead; Christopher McCabe, Dean of the Past Exalted Rulers; Philip McGovern, father of the guest of honor, and Joe Downing and Fred Roberts, representatives of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good Will Tour en route to the Kansas City Grand Lodge Reunion. On behalf of his friends, Mr. McGovern was presented with a life membership in the Order.

John T. O'Brien, Correspondent

North Central District Association of Pennsylvania Meets

The several Lodges of the North Central District of Pennsylvania held their recent meeting at Sunbury, Pa., on June 10. President A. G. Plankenhorn presided. During the session election of officers was held and the following received office; President, C. D. Keefer, of Sunbury; Vice President, Joseph Lynch, of Renovo; Secretary, William J. Hanhauser, of St. Marys; Treasurer, William B. Waite, of Milton.

D.D. Max L. Lindheimer was present and gave a fine report of the accomplishments of the North Central District. Retiring President Plankenhorn also gave an interesting account of the year's achievements. After the meeting the members of Sunbury Lodge were hosts at a chicken dinner served in the dining room. Much credit is due the Elks of Sunbury for the manner in which they entertained the visitors.

The next meeting of the North Central District Elks Association will be held soon.

*William V. Welker, Correspondent
Williamsport, Pa., Lodge*

Eustis, Fla., Lodge Now Owns Its Own Home

June 15 at Eustis, Fla., was a day long to be remembered by the inhabitants of the small community, and particularly by the Elks. It was the occasion of the formal opening of the new Home of Eustis Lodge, No. 1578. Open house was held all afternoon, and was followed by a chicken dinner for the members and their many guests from Lodges in the surrounding territory. The regular session of the Lodge was held in the evening, with initiation ceremonies being performed on a class of 16 candidates.

Eustis Lodge was organized by George Hummel, of Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, and was instituted on dispensation, Feb. 19, 1930. The Charter was granted July 30, with 54 members at the institution. The town of Eustis is situated in the heart of the citrus belt of Florida, and has a population of 2,500. The Lodge has some 150 members.

Under the tutelage of E.R. Herbert Wales, and in spite of its small membership list, Eustis Lodge set out early last spring with the ambitious goal of owning its own Home, free from debt, by June 1. How well it succeeded is evidenced by the photograph on this page. Eustis Lodge now owns and occupies a \$12,000 Home with new furnishings, and all without a dollar of indebtedness.

Naturally, a Lodge of the tender age of four years, handicapped by a small membership—no matter how select—could hardly be expected to have on reserve funds sufficient to finance so ambitious a project. However, a spirited Solicitation Committee and a live Building Committee, with the whole-hearted cooperation of the membership as well as their generous financial support, made the program an accomplished fact.

Eustis Lodge welcomes to its Home Florida's winter guests. The Lodge is in the heart of the black bass country, and is but ten miles from the Big Scrub, where deer and bear abound, and where quail and doves provide excellent shooting.

Col. Claude E. Lester, Secretary

Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Wins Officers' Jewels

The Massachusetts Lodges of Leominster, Clinton and Gardner were well represented recently at the Home of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847. The occasion of the visit was the presentation of a set of officers' jewels to Fitchburg Lodge. They were prizes won in the inter-Lodge indoor tournament held during the past winter. It was



Hollingsworth

Officers and members of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, for whom a ball was given recently. Only Elks and their close friends were invited



The attractive new Home of Eustis, Fla., Lodge

high time that Fitchburg Lodge won the prize, as Leominster Lodge was the winner last year and Clinton Lodge the year before.

Leominster Lodge has decorated its Home with a new coat of paint and varnish, and is contemplating further renovations.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent
Leominster Lodge

Barre, Vt., Lodge Officers Install Officers of Three Lodges

Barre, Vt., Lodge, No. 1535, has been honored with the commission of installing the officers of three sister Lodges in the State. On June 1, Barre Lodge, headed by P.E.R. John T. Nelson and E.R. Robert L. Henry, journeyed to St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, and enjoyed a busy evening there. The installation of officers was a featured event on the program. Among those present were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers and E.R. James E. Burns, of Montpelier Lodge.

On June 12 the officers of No. 1535 went to Montpelier Lodge, No. 924, and there installed the newly-elected officers of that Lodge. An appetizing lunch was served after the meeting.

June 27 saw the officers of No. 1535 at the Home of Hartford, Vt., Lodge, No. 1541, where once more they repeated their duties. Also represented at this meeting were the same Montpelier Elks who were present at the visit to St. Johnsbury Lodge.

Richard A. Bizzozero, Secretary

News of Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge

The soft ball team of Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1546, which has recently joined the Finger Lakes Elks Soft Ball League, is having great success. Other Elk teams belonging to the Finger Lakes League are those of Seneca Falls, Geneva, Lyons, Newark, Auburn and Ithaca Lodges.

Watkins Glen Lodge wishes to call attention to its delightful location to all Elks traveling in the Finger Lakes District this summer. The Lodge is about to open an outdoor restaurant on its newly completed front porch overlooking Seneca Lake. Elks and their friends will be cordially welcomed to partake of the fine food and refreshments served by the Lodge.

Edward J. Quirk, Correspondent

A Report from Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

Two hundred Elks from Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 841, and their friends sailed, on June 25, for a "Pirate Cruise," leaving Staten Island at 8 P. M. and sailing around the bay for three hours. The boat then put in at Sheepshead Bay, where a "Pirate Feast" was held. When the meal was over the boat weighed anchor and sailed until 2 A. M., at which time it returned to the home port. The proceeds of the cruise went to the Charity Fund.

Arrangements have been completed for the building of two single wall handball courts, as well as for the renovation of one of the rooms of the Home which, when completed, will be a fully equipped gymnasium.

Leslie Bellows,
Esteemed Leading Knight

P.D.D. Santangelo Honored at Middletown, Conn., Lodge

The State of Connecticut recently saw one of the finest gatherings of Elks to assemble in many years when P.D.D. Leo B. Santangelo was honored at a meeting of Middletown Lodge, No. 771. Upon the recommendation of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, Mr. Santangelo was presented with a gold Life Membership card for services rendered during the past 33 years.

Elks from every Lodge in Connecticut were represented. Fourteen P.D.D.'s, 12 E.R.'s, and 16 P.E.R.'s of Middletown Lodge were present. Presentation of the card was made by E.R. John F. Pickett, President of the Connecticut State Elks Assn. After the meeting all adjourned to the dining room where a chicken dinner and a floor show were enjoyed.

John F. Gilshenan, Secretary



FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Good Will Tour Ambassadors Shift into High and Hit the Highways the Country Over



NEW SMYRNA, FLA.



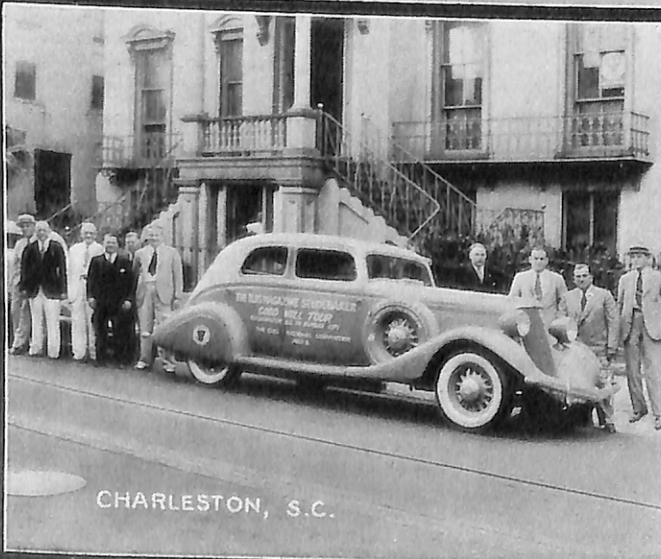
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.



LOWELL, MASS.



NORFOLK, VA.



CHARLESTON, S.C.



ELIZABETH, N.J.

Snapshots of Some of the Many Lodges Where THE ELKS MAGAZINE Emissaries Were Royally Entertained—and Where They Reciprocated in Kind



RED LION, PA.



WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.



WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.



PENSACOLA, FLA.



MACON, GA.



ATHENS, GA.



ATLANTA, GA.

News of the State Associations

New York

The twenty-second Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association was held at Saratoga Springs. It was opened on Sunday evening, June 17, with a banquet in the Grand Union Hotel. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert and the Hon. Ferdinand Pecora, Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, delivered the principal addresses of the evening.

The first business session of the Convention started on Monday morning, June 18, in the Canfield Casino with Pres. Alonzo L. Waters presiding. A feature of the session was the election of officers. P.E.R. Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge, was elected President. The Vice-Presidents are as follows: Southeast, George J. Riedler, Jr., Brooklyn; East, Max Kaplan Leeds, Port Chester; East Central, Franz J. Dienst, Middletown; South Central, Ward H. Fleming, Hornell; North Central, Nelson W. Hoyt, Saratoga; West Central, Edward T. Boyle, Auburn; West, Willard W. Cass, Jamestown; Northeast, William B. Davidson, Saranac Lake.

The Trustees are Chairman, Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta; Secretary, Gustave H. Papenmeyer, Hempstead; Approving Member, Charles T. Lanigan, Rome; George W. Denton, Gloversville; J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda; Eugene F. Sullivan, Fulton; Robert L. Dymes, Ossining, and Myron C. Alting, Port Jervis. Philip Clancy, Past State Pres., of Niagara Falls Lodge, was re-elected Secretary, and John T. Osowski, P.D.D., of Elmira Lodge, was re-elected Treasurer. Elmira Lodge was selected as host of the Convention in 1935.

Prominent in the proceedings was the report rendered by Past Pres. William T. Phillips of New York Lodge, Chairman of the Special Elks Welfare Activities Committee, and supplemented by the report from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, disclosing that during the year a substantial sum of money had been subscribed by members throughout the State to augment the fund already at the Committee's disposal. The strong support tendered this Committee by the Elks National Foundation which allotted to it the sum of \$2,000 and tentatively promised an additional sum, was greeted with hearty approbation.

All of the 90 Lodges of the State continued as members of the Association, and the registration of officers, members and delegates exceeded that of any previous Convention. The final feature was a colorful parade for which Saratoga Lodge provided eight magnificent floats depicting scenes of historical interest pertaining to battles of the Revolutionary War.

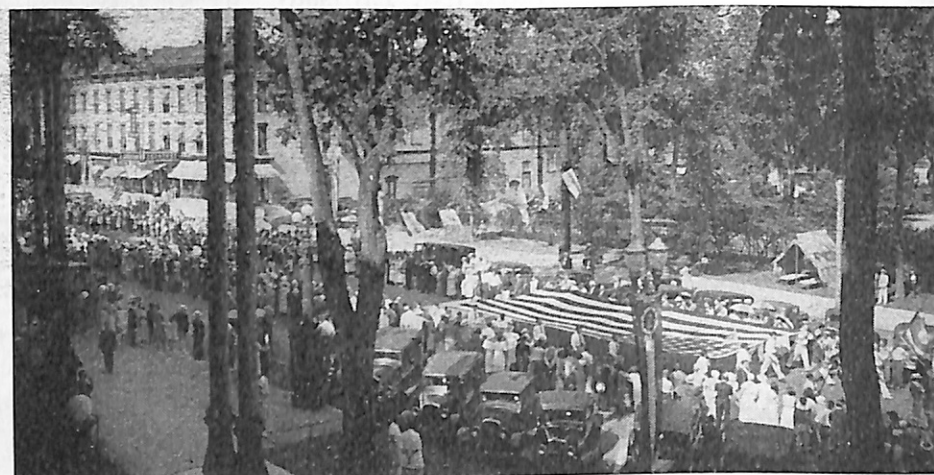
The splendid success of this, one of the finest Conventions the New York State Elks Association ever held, was due largely to the hard work of the Executive and Advisory Committees. Walter M. Stroup, Chairman, Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Vice-Chairman, and Nelson W. Hoyt, Secretary, headed the Executive Committee. Members of the Advisory Committee were: D. L. Baker, Chairman; Dr. F. G. Eaton, Vice-Chairman; R. L. Quinn, S. B. Eddy, A. J. Burns, J. Ray McGirr, W. S. Robinson, C. W. Wheat and E. J. Roohan.

Philip Clancy, State Secretary

Massachusetts

The Massachusetts State Elks Association held its 1934 Convention at Hyannis on June 23-24-25 with Hyannis, Mass., Lodge, No. 1549, acting as host to the delegations.

This has been a banner year for the charitable work of the Association, it was disclosed by State Secretary Jeremiah J.



The parade of the New York State Elks Association at Saratoga, N. Y., during the recent annual convention. Members of Ossining, N. Y. Lodge are seen with their huge flag as they pass down the main street

Hourin, who reported that \$79,135 was expended by Massachusetts Lodges for the fiscal year ending April 1. The following Lodges contributed the largest amount per capita for charity: Haverhill, \$9,439, Northampton \$8.08, Gardner \$7.585, Medford \$6.99, and Revere \$6.86.

Memorial services were held in memory of members deceased during the year. State Chaplain Vincent F. Crowley offered prayer and a beautiful eulogy was delivered by Joseph A. Crossen, P.E.R. of Boston Lodge. First Vice-Pres. William J. Moore rendered a solo, assisted at the piano by William J. Shepard.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Mal-

For the Ritualistic Committee, Chairman Alfred P. J. Pinel, P.E.R. of Quincy Lodge, reported as the winner Newton Lodge—the National Champions at the 1933 Grand Lodge Reunion—with a marking of 99,723 in the State Contest, and Brookline Lodge runner-up, with 94,903.

After a singularly successful session crammed with social, athletic and business events, the Convention was brought to a close with a Grand Ball and reception at the Casa Madrid. It was attended by several hundred persons, many of them prominent Elks, and all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

William J. Moore, of Milford Lodge, was elected President at the closing business session of the three-day Convention. Other officers elected were: Hubert W. Flaherty, Adams, First Vice-President; John E. Moynahan, Lowell, Second Vice-President; John F. Burke, Boston, Third Vice-President; Trustees: Joseph E. Dow, Somerville; Daniel P. Barry, Arlington; Edward G. J. Ryan, Haverhill, and William F. Hogan, Everett. These Trustees will all serve for three years. The terms of Thomas E. McCaffrey, Attleboro; James J. Burns, Jr., Greenfield, and William J. Durocher, North Adams, are still running. John G. Hedges, of North Attleboro, was elected Trustee for one year. Jeremiah J. Hourin, of Framingham Lodge, was re-elected to the Secretaryship for the 17th successive year, and Bernard E. Carbin, of Lynn Lodge, was reelected Treasurer of the Association.

It was voted the 1935 Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association be held at Adams, Massachusetts.

Jeremiah J. Hourin, State Secretary.

Joseph N. Shafer, Boston Lodge, Correspondent

Ohio

The 36th Annual Reunion of the Ohio State Elks Association will be held at Cedar Point on Lake Erie, Sandusky, Ohio, during the week of August 26, 1934. All Ohio Elks and their friends are cordially invited.

Among the many activities of the Reunion will be business sessions, sports events, and social and entertainment affairs. Among the latter will be a "Mystery Cruise to Nowhere," a Ladies Card Party, a Grand Parade, and dinners and dances. Athletic events will include a golf tournament and trap-shooting. The business sessions will be held on August 29 and 30.

William F. Bruning, State President

Elks State Association Conventions to Be Held in August

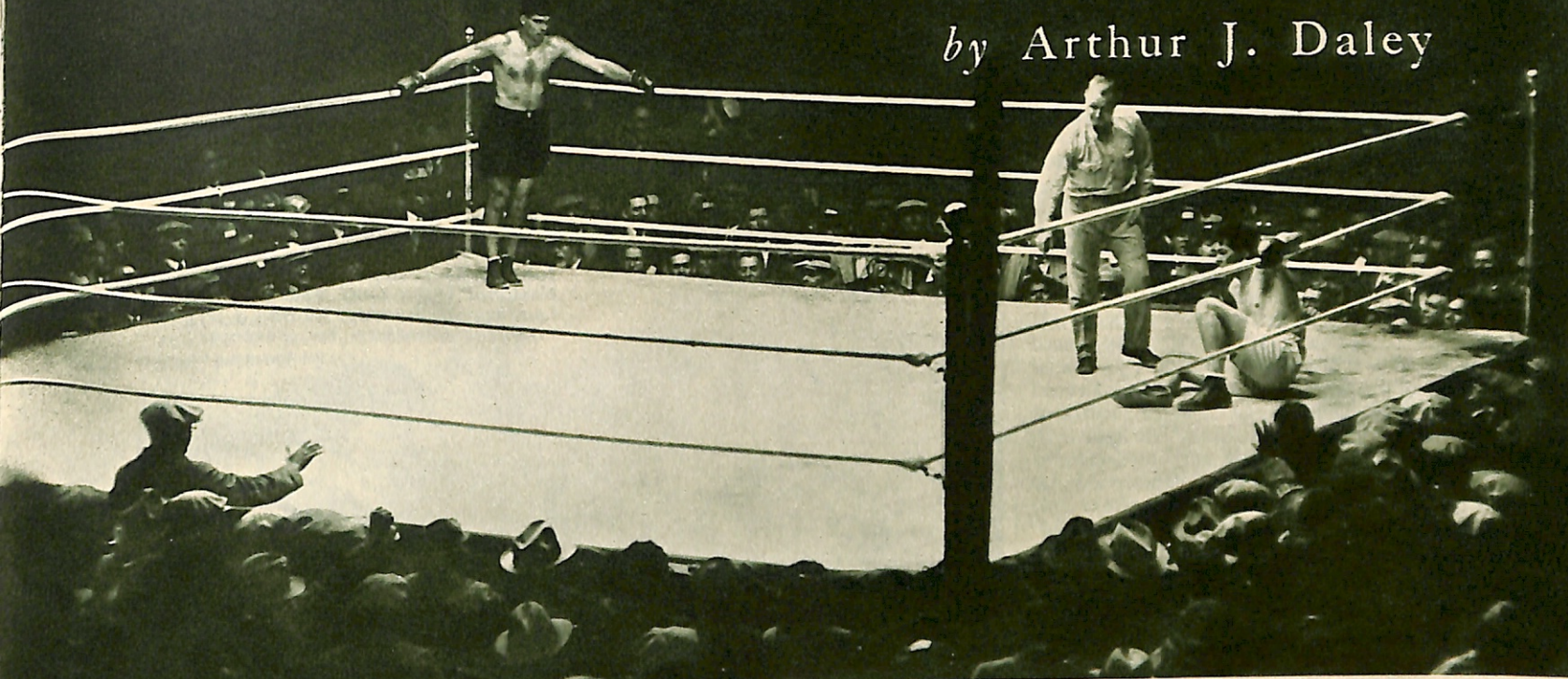
State Association	City	Date
Virginia	Portsmouth	August 6-7
Montana	Miles City	August 9-11
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Hagerstown	August 12-15
Wisconsin	Manitowoc	August 16-18
Pennsylvania	Gettysburg	August 20-24
Ohio	Cedar Point, Sandusky	August 27-30

ley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, gave an account of his stewardship of the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc., of which he is President. During 1933-34, 28 applications were favorably acted upon for loans to young men and women seeking a higher education. In the past three years 66 loans have been made.

Chairman William B. Jackson, of the Bedford Hospital Committee, and L. N. Charrier, of the Rutland Hospital Committee, submitted highly favorable reports of the work accomplished for the veterans in supplying entertainment.

What It Takes to Come Through

by Arthur J. Daley



Wide World
The famous seventh round of the World Championship Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago. Tunney, almost out in this round, came through to win by decision

PAT O'CALLAGHAN spat on his hands and hitched up his pants with the practiced art of a longshoreman. His brow was beaded with sweat and his face streaked with dirt where impatient hands had brushed away the rivulets of perspiration. The sun beat down with fiery intensity on that California scene, splashed the concrete slopes of the cavernous Olympic Stadium and poured across the crowd of 60,000 to the lush green turf inside the encircling track.

That huge gathering was not watching a horny-handed son of toil at work. It was watching Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, the eminent Dublin psychiatrist, at play. The handsome young Celt with the curly brown hair, the blue twinkling eyes and the infectious Irish smile was engaged in defense of his Olympic hammer-throwing championship that glorious August afternoon in 1932.

And he was not doing so well. That was why the curly hair was matted with sweat, the blue eyes had lost their twinkle and the smile had disappeared. For Pat O'Callaghan was watching the championship of the world slip out of his grasp. He growled and cursed softly beneath his breath when the officials read off the qualifiers for the final round.

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Wide World
A tense moment in last year's World Series which the New York Giants won so spectacularly. "Goose" Goslin of the Washington Senators trapped between third and home by Travis Jackson and Gus Mancuso

O'Callaghan of Ireland second? It was unbelievable. And of all people, a big phlegmatic Finn was in first place! One good throw was all that Ville Porhola had made, and yet it was inches better than the best of the consistently fine tosses unreeled by the giant Gael. The crowds were beginning to say that he had passed his peak.

They each had only three throws left in that final round. O'Callaghan stepped into the circle and sent the hammer streaking out. It was close to 171 feet, but it was short by inches again. Porhola tried and failed entirely. Once more the big Irishman stepped in and let fly. He missed again. But Porhola did not improve on his throw either.

O'Callaghan had only one chance left. There was a low rumble of applause as Pat picked up the hammer and carried it over toward the circle. He was a vivid figure as he stood there, looking out across the silken green carpet to the small white flag denoting Porhola's best mark. Every other activity in that vast arena came to a halt as O'Callaghan prepared for his final effort. On him was focused the gaze of 60,000 pairs of eyes. As they looked he seemed to swell out in every direction until he appeared cloaked in the mystic garb of Ireland's legendary heroes, a Cuchulain or a Finn McCool.

There he stood, 245 pounds of compact sinew and muscle, not an ounce of extra flesh on that huge frame. There was a gasp of awe and admiration at the very size of the man. Ah, this was the sport for an Irishman, hammer-throwing! Let the little fellows run and jump. This was an event for men.

Then Pat O'Callaghan spat on his hands and hitched up his pants.

His jaw was set grimly and his friendly, laughing eyes were slivers of blue-grey steel. He strode within the circle, planting his feet like the Colossus of Rhodes. Firmly his hands grasped the handle of the hammer and slowly his massive arm began to whirl the ball around his head. Faster and faster it spun until the ball of brass resembled a golden blur in the bright sunlight. Then, with the agility and sure-footedness of a panther, Pat danced around the narrow confines of the circle, make his three turns.

The hammer left his hands as though shot from a catapult. With a dull thud it dug into the turf far across the field, the handle quivering from the shock. There was no need to measure that throw. It was well beyond Porhola's best. The crowd roared in thunderous acclaim even before the steel tape was stretched from circle to hammer. With the second longest toss in Olympic history, Pat O'Callaghan had made good on his last throw to win the championship.

THERE is a short, ugly word that epitomizes that performance. In polite circles they call it "intestinal fortitude." But wherever the sporting fraternity gathers they call it "guts." It is not a nice-sounding expression. But it is, oh, so expressive. It is the alpha and omega of the sporting alphabet. What those inclined toward poesy have termed "The

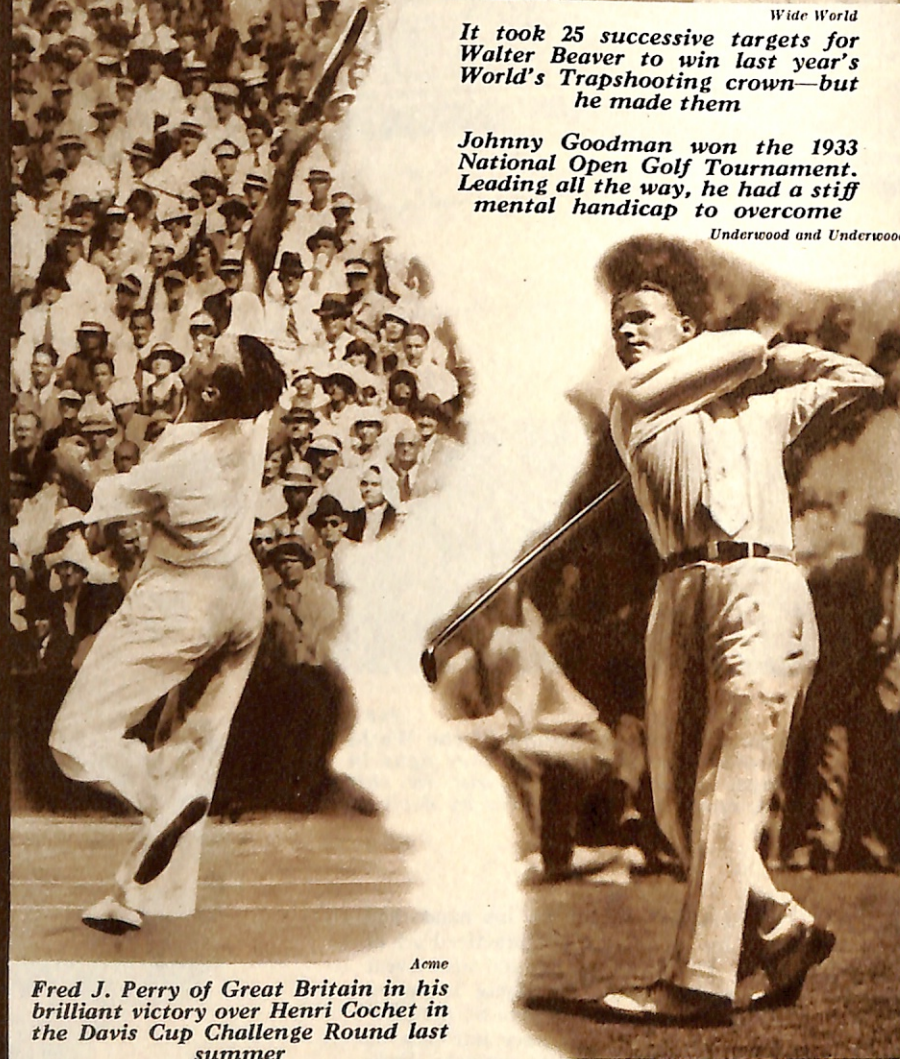


Wide World

It took 25 successive targets for Walter Beaver to win last year's World's Trapshooting crown—but he made them

Johnny Goodman won the 1933 National Open Golf Tournament. Leading all the way, he had a stiff mental handicap to overcome

Underwood and Underwood



Acme

Fred J. Perry of Great Britain in his brilliant victory over Henri Cochet in the Davis Cup Challenge Round last summer



An old timer stages a game come-back. Joie Ray just after he won the 26-mile Long Beach Marathon in record time

Underwood and Underwood



Wide World
The American Two-Man Bobsled, piloted by Hubert Stevens with his brother Curtis as brakeman, hurtling out of Shady Corner Curve on the Olympic Bobsled Run

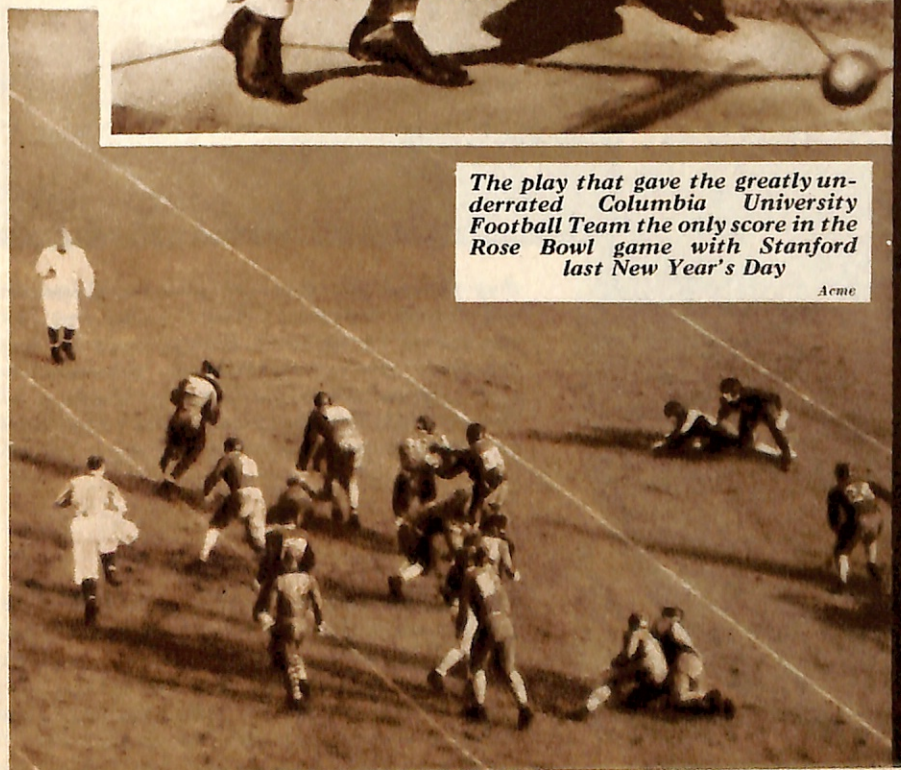
With his very last heave the mighty Dr. Pat O'Callaghan of the Irish Free State won the 1932 Olympic hammer throwing championship

International



The play that gave the greatly underrated Columbia University Football Team the only score in the Rose Bowl game with Stanford last New Year's Day

Acme



Red Badge of Courage," has blazed a trail of epic feats through the pages of athletic history. No athlete can be a champion without having "guts." No matter what the sport is, from the once despised ping-pong to that blood-and-thunder diversion, bobsledding, one must have courage to succeed.

Football and boxing, among the rough, bodily-contact sports, have supplied their heroes, but too few persons realize that the more placid athletic activities like golf and tennis require just as much courage as the others. It is a different kind of courage, but it is courage, nevertheless. Where there is no contact it generally is mental courage. Let us go back to that exploit of O'Callaghan's as an example.

The art of hammer-throwing is as old as time. Good old King Henry VIII thought he was some pumpkins as a hammer-thrower. In those days they would merely visit the nearest smithy, borrow a hammer and fling it around the first open field they came to. In later years the hammer, as a sports implement, was perfected. The head became a brass or iron ball. The handle of wood became one of wire and, instead of having all the room in the world to swing around in before throwing, the athlete was restricted to a small, seven-foot circle.

The faster the turn the thrower makes within the circle the greater the distance he gets. But the faster he spins the greater is the danger of being pulled outside the circle by the impelling power of centrifugal force. The mental pressure on an athlete in the latter stages of this competition is terrific. He tends toward panic, a reckless desire to try too hard and risk a foul. Jumpy nerves must be curbed—and jumpy nerves are not the easiest thing in the world to curb. The psychological burden is a mountain in weight, and yet that mountain must be shaken off.

When O'Callaghan made his final throw it had to be absolutely perfect. It was.

IT is the same in golf, especially in the national open championship, the greatest nerve strain in the game. Many a golfer, thinking himself out of the championship picture and just playing along in calm, easy fashion, suddenly discovers to his horror that all he needs to win the title is a 5-4-4 on the last three holes. Par might be only 4-3-3 and he may have been hitting par figures all day. A wildly eager gallery springs up all around him until the marshalls are dizzy trying to keep the spectators in place.

Then the cool, methodical young man who has been moving around in effortless style meets with his test. If he has the "guts," if he can win the battle with frayed and straining nerves, then he can continue his mechanical stroking of the ball and breeze in to victory. But as is so often the case, he can't stand the pressure.

To him the crowd is just assembled for a Roman holiday. The spectators, he thinks, are waiting gleefully for him to be tossed to the lions of old man par.

(Continued on page 46)

ON SCR

REVIEW
ESTHER



The beautiful Dolores del Rio is the latest interpreter of the charms, caprices and wiles of that often interpreted lady, Mme. Du Barry. Dolores is pictured above with Reginald Owen, as the susceptible Louis XV. There is some slight toning down to be done on the picture before it is released, but you will soon be able to view the over-ripe luxury and extravagance of the French court exemplified by a notable cast in the new screen version of "Madame Du Barry"



Any picture that has both Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante (above) in its cast can be guaranteed for a fairly high average of laughs. On this basis we recommend "Student Tour" as a cure for almost any variety of blues. Mr. Butterworth has some new and original ideas on the proper guidance of traveling collegians



"Friends of Mr. Sweeney" is a fast-paced newspaper yarn. The necessary elements of melodrama, blackmail and humor, are nicely scrambled, with humor predominating, as you might expect in a picture which features Charles Ruggles (left). Despite his timid soul, Mr. Ruggles registers heroism for Ann Dvorak's sake

THE EEN

WS BY
R. BIEN



Little Shirley Temple, who made such a sensational success in "Little Miss Marker," shares the honors of "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard (above). A happy-go-lucky confidence man, Mr. Cooper's moral struggle begins when his estranged wife dies while he is traveling in the Orient with Miss Lombard, and he reclaims his charming and confiding daughter. The child has a way of saying "honor bright?" that puts Mr. Cooper on the spot



Here are Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper (above) in a picture that we can heartily recommend to all fans from eight to eighty. It is none other than that perennial favorite "Treasure Island," with Beery as the redoubtable Long John Silver, Jackie as Jim Hawkins, and an impressive cast of fellow treasure hunters

ZaSu Pitts (in the armchair at the right) is the sort of person who can't be trusted to put on a fake seance. In "Afterwards" she pinch hits for a famous medium with results that are upsetting to the plans of the villains of the piece. In the group surrounding her are Julie Haydon, William Gaxton and Kay Johnson



Who Made the Movies What They Are?

*An Interview with
Will H. Hays*

by
Samuel Crowther

*Portrait of Mr.
Hays, President
Motion Picture
Producers and
Distributors of
America, drawn
by Jeff Tester*



THE problems of the motion picture industry as an industry do not differ greatly in principle from those of any other industry. It is in the business of making and selling. The problems of the theatre proprietor are essentially those of the proprietor of the drug store on the corner or of the hardware shop up the street.

No business can be successful if it simply ambles along, giving the public what it wants. The truly enterprising man realizes that the public is anxious, within limits, to have its wants cultivated. The highest business intelligence is that which keeps just ahead of the wants of the public, but not so far ahead that the public will not follow. This is the purely business problem of the movies.

But the motion picture, in addition to being a division of industry, is also a division of art. It would be enough to mix business and art, but also the art of the motion picture is new and, as we are gradually finding out, a thing apart from any art that has been known. Therefore it is to be judged by standards that are as yet only in the making. Of motion pictures as a business we can judge, for we all know more or less about business, but of motion pictures as an art we are none of us fully qualified to judge—for we have no background of knowledge. That is why I regard all criticisms of motion pictures as helpful and constructive, for only in the white heat of criticism can we weld the standards which ultimately we must have.

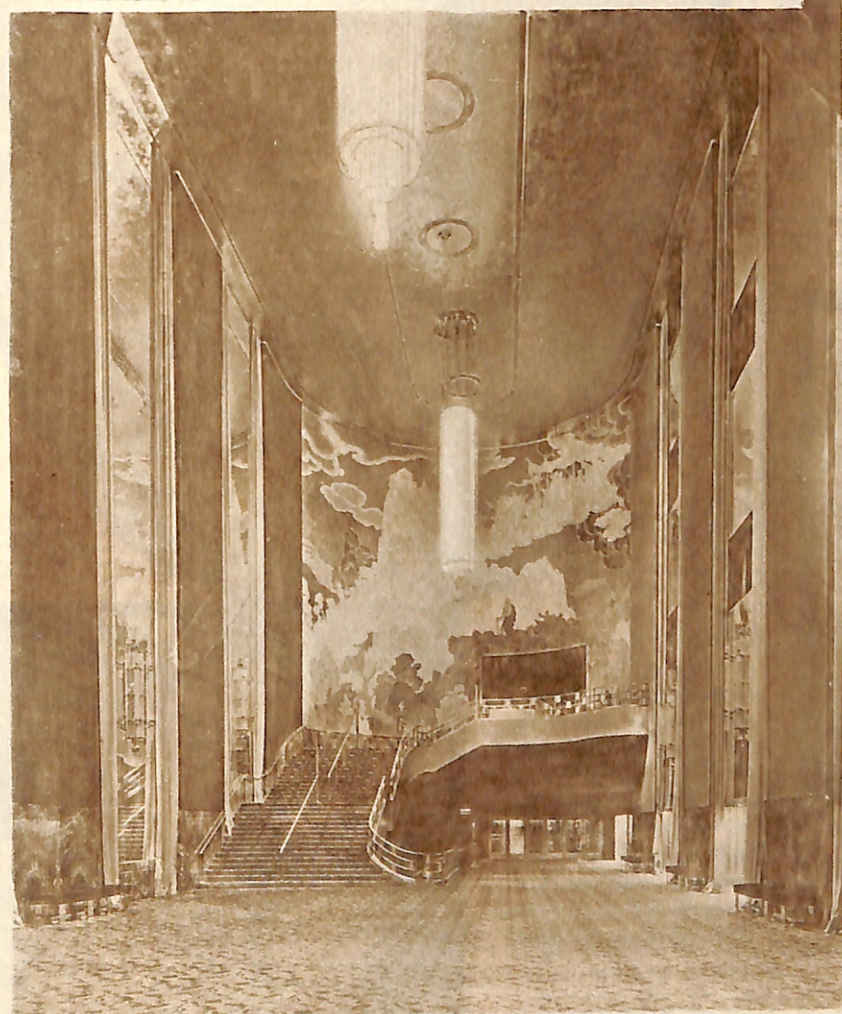
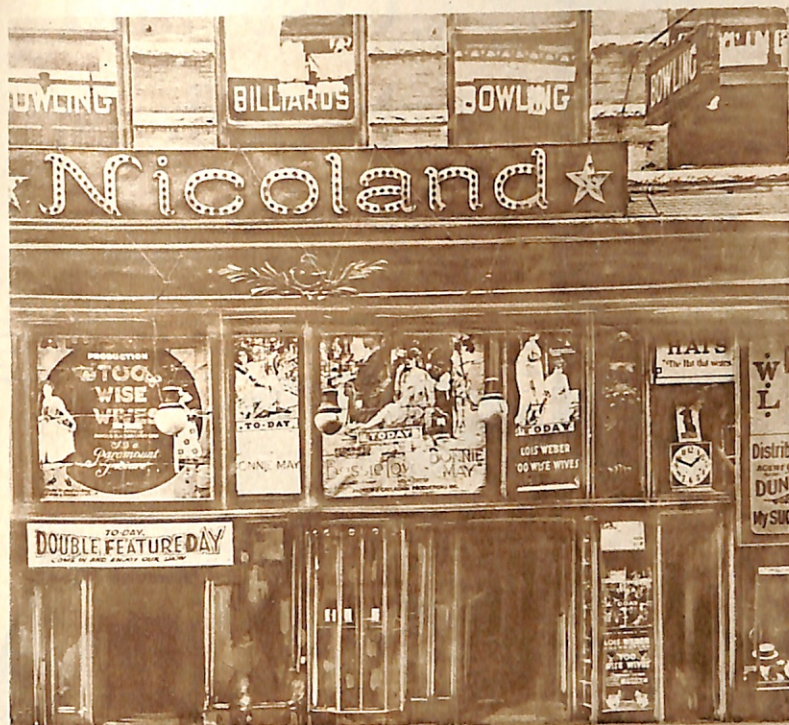
The glamor that has been thrown about the pictures is much more interesting than the responsibilities which rest upon the shoulders of producers and distributors. I have not particularly in mind the financial responsibility. This is very heavy indeed, for every first-class picture, no matter how rigid the economies, represents a large investment on which the return cannot be calculated in advance. Judging purely by the box

office receipts, no producer has been or pretends to be right in all his guesses. With every known aid to projecting the reception by the public, the actual reception still remains a guess. The responsibility which I have more particularly in mind is the much larger one of the producer to the nation.

The responsibility of a theatrical producer is considerable, but it is variously interpreted, as anyone may learn by making a round of the theatres in, say, Chicago. But his responsibility is as nothing to that of the motion picture producer whose films are shown in some 15,000 theatres in this country and to perhaps ten million people a day. It is a responsibility which has come gradually, and in the boom atmosphere of the early days it was not and could not be realized.

For the pictures as a real force came in slowly. Today their influence on our national life is practically limitless. They influence our taste and our aspirations. They exert an immeasurable influence on our future. And so the industry has pledged its combined strength to maintain proper moral standards in the production of motion pictures as a form of entertainment.

The real problem of the screen is not to find a common denominator of entertainment for every man, woman and child, but to create the largest variety of proper entertainment appeal.



Emerging only about a quarter of a century ago from the peep show stage, the motion picture industry had reached a fair degree of stability and a large degree of prosperity by 1926. Then, with the coming of sound pictures, it had to be remade practically overnight. Immediately above is a section of the Grand Foyer in Radio City Music Hall, the largest indoor theatre in the world. At the top of the page one of the first of the nickel picture houses is shown

It is no easy task. No book, picture or play can be all things to all men. There never has been and never will be such an unanimity of opinion. The objective of all screen entertainment always will be the greatest service to the greatest number.

The power, however, of the motion picture on public opinion has not gone unnoticed by those who would influence public opinion to their own ends. Some of these ends are sinister and would break down both the moral and the political backbone of our nation. Others are wholly worthy. But worthy or not, their objective is to turn the films up the street of the special pleader.

I hold a number of views that I might be glad to have dramatized on the screen, and also I am wholly against the attitude toward life that is expressed in some of the pictures. But I am sufficiently detached to know that the fact that I like a picture does not of necessity make the picture good and that my dislike does not make it bad. Crossing and recrossing the country and during the course of a year getting into practically every State, has not only taught me that there are quite a number of different kinds of people in the United States, but it has also taught me that, if I liked every picture I saw—and I see a great many—there would be something very wrong with them. For their appeal would be too limited.

It would be quite nice to have everything exactly suited to one's own ideas and taste. But it may be salutary to remember that this would be the beginning of regimenting, which means that one person would be directing the regimentation for countless others whose ideas and tastes might be very different. There can be no liberty without tolerance. Concretely, this means that we must submit to much that we dislike in order to have much that we like. Our task in the motion pictures is to distinguish between liberty and license.

FOR a moment, consider the motion picture industry as an industry so that we may grasp the physical force with which we are dealing. Considered purely as a business phenomenon, the growth of the motion picture industry is amazing. The wonder is not that some errors have been made, but that more and more serious ones have not been made. Emerging only about a quarter of a century ago from the peep-show stage, the industry had reached a fair degree of stability and a large degree of prosperity by 1926. Then practically overnight it had to be remade.

On August 6th, 1926, John Barrymore and Estelle Taylor in *Don Juan* gave the first public exhibition of sound pictures. Some of the producers and a part of the public were against the new talkies, for, as they quite rightly pointed out, they were not natural. The first talkies were crude novelties, but they were expensive novelties. They involved new technique for the producer, and the theatre owner who wanted to show sound pictures had to make a heavy outlay for apparatus which required highly skilled attention. But the new form was improved so rapidly that it could not be denied. By 1929 only 1,300 of the larger theatres had been grudgingly equipped for sound. Now 15,231 theatres—that is, practically all—are so equipped. No other industry has ever, in the course of a depression, been compelled completely to turn itself over and at the same time keep going.

The change from the silent to the sound film was as drastic as the change from the horse to the automobile—and much more sudden. Our drivers were required to become chauffeurs and our hostlers mechanics practically overnight. Many of the ablest under the old conditions could not adapt (Continued on page 41)

Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips Coles



Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, temporarily promoted to Admiral of the Fleet, and his aide-de-camp, Budd, sight land. Budd waves to the strange white race seen grouped together under queer and vari-hued umbrellas, and steers the flagship into port. These balmy gents, the Colonel and Budd, are heard on the Spotlight Revue, over CBS stations, on Friday evenings



The Countess Olga Albani, above, has returned to the air as the summer soloist in the Cities Service Concerts each Friday at 8 P.M., E.D.S.T. Here she is pictured bathing near the 150-year-old mill on her father's coffee plantation in Puerto Rico



Mrs. Pennyfeather, above, of NBC's Cuckoos, has this Department's heart. Subtle and feline, she stabs in the back those cooing radio ladies who twitter gossip of the latest face-creams and such. Mrs. Pennyfeather, with glee and malice aforethought, lights into them with a wicked burlesque. She is on the air on Saturdays, from 10 to 10:15 P.M.

Ted Husing, right, the CBS star sports announcer, reports most of the athletic events of the season. Once upon a time Mr. Husing achieved fame and glory by expressing his candid opinion of a certain Harvard football team. It was, he confided to ten million people, "putrid." Mr. Husing's candid opinion raised quite a smell



The Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City, Mo., July, 1934

FOR the first time in its history the Grand Lodge annual Convention met in hospitable Kansas City for its 70th Reunion. Inasmuch as Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, was celebrating its Golden Jubilee, the affair proved to be an especially festive one. The entire City was bedecked with banners and welcoming signs, there was an eager and enthusiastic crowd of unusually large proportions, and all the prominent State and City officials—as well as those of the many Convention Committees of Kansas City Lodge—were very much in evidence and keen to go out of their way to provide the Grand Lodge a most enjoyable time. Even the weather—and it was hot—could not dispel the crowd's enthusiasm.

A round of social and patriotic functions, to be described in next month's number, occupied Saturday, Sunday and Monday. It was not until Monday evening that the opening session of the Grand Lodge was held. This impressive public ceremony will also be reported in next month's issue.

First Business Session of the Grand Lodge

GRAND Esquire Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, convened the first Grand Lodge business session at 10:00 A. M. in the Orpheum Theatre on Tuesday, July 17. He escorted the Grand Lodge officers to their respective chairs after presenting them with their jewels of office. The Lodge was tiled and the Altar prepared. Grand Chaplain the Rev. John Dysart of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, delivered the invocation, and the Past Grand Exalted Rulers present were escorted to seats on the dais, after which they were gracefully presented by Grand Exalted Ruler Waiter F. Meier in the following order:

Joseph T. Fanning, 1903-04, Editor and Executive Director, THE ELKS MAGAZINE
John K. Tener, 1907-08, Chairman, National Memorial and Publication Commission
Rush L. Holland, 1908-09, Member, National Memorial and Publication Commission
Raymond Benjamin, 1914-15, Vice-Chairman, Elks National Foundation Trustees
Fred Harper, 1917-18, Member, National Memorial and Publication Commission
Bruce A. Campbell, 1918-19, Vice-Chairman, Nat. Memorial and Publication Commission
Frank L. Rain, 1919-20, Member, Nat. Memorial and Publication Commission (who arrived later)
J. Edgar Masters, 1922-23, Grand Secretary
James G. McFarland, 1923-24, Treasurer, Elks National Foundation Trustees
Charles H. Grakelow, 1926-27, Member, Elks National Foundation Trustees
John F. Malley, 1927-28, Chairman, Elks National Foundation Trustees
Murray Hulbert, 1928-29, Secretary, Elks National Foundation Trustees
Lawrence H. Rupp, 1930-31, Member, Elks National Foundation Trustees
John R. Coen, 1931-32, Chairman, Lodge Activities Committee
Floyd E. Thompson, 1932-33, Chairman, State Associations Committee

William D. Hancher, of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, was called upon for his preliminary report as Chairman of the Credentials Committee. He said that the following Grand Lodge officials and members had registered to date:

Past Grand Exalted Rulers.....	15
Grand Lodge Officers.....	21
Grand Lodge Committeemen.....	18
District Deputies.....	113
Representatives.....	757
Alternates.....	103
Members.....	234
Total.....	1,261

The roll call was unanimously adopted without reading, and the minutes of the

previous Grand Lodge session were adopted as printed.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then announced the appointment of a number of assistants to Grand Esquire Dickmann, Grand Tiler Leland O'Callaghan of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, Grand Inner Guard E. L. Safford of Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460, and the Election Committee (consisting of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight David Sholtz of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, 1141, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James M. Fitzgerald of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow, of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725) to serve—with Dr. Carroll Smith of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, as Chairman—as tellers. He also announced the appointment of a Pardon Commissioner in the person of Harry Loewenthal of Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116, and appointed the Distribution Committee, with Jacob L. Sherman of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, as Chairman.

The report of the Auditing Committee, of which Albert Sidney Cain of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, is Chairman, was unanimously approved as printed. The Grand Exalted Ruler then asked for the approval of the report of Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, which was unanimously granted.

Grand Secretary Masters' report was also unanimously approved. Printed under the same cover as the foregoing two reports was that of the Board of Grand Trustees, and this report was also unanimously adopted.

A. Charles Stewart of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was then asked to present the preliminary budget for the ensuing Grand Lodge year. This showed estimated receipts of \$243,200 and estimated expenditures of \$270,296.43. This preliminary report was approved with the understanding that a final budget would be submitted during the Thursday morning session.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then explained that inasmuch as his annual report was available in printed form he would not read it. (*Extracts from this report are given elsewhere in this number.—Ed.*) In passing he said he wanted to point out the fact that there was a marked decrease this year over last in the number of members who had been dropped for non-payment of dues, and that the number of members lost to the Order—naturally to be expected in any depression year—was 27,000 less than the number lost last year.

Mr. Meier then pointed out that a term of office had expired in one of the Trusteeships of the Elks National Foundation. In a well received eulogy he renominated Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow for this post. This nomination, which is to run for a seven-year term, was unanimously and enthusiastically approved.

For an interim vacancy which had occurred in the Grand Forum the Grand Exalted Ruler recommended the appointment of Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, and this appointment was also unanimously confirmed.

Following this the Grand Exalted Ruler nominated Benn Kenyon of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, to serve for a five-year term on the Grand Forum. Mr. Meier explained that the seven-year term that Judge Arthur S. Tompkins of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, had just expired. Mr. Kenyon's appointment was also unanimously approved with expressions of appreciation to Judge

Tompkins for his long and faithful service.

Mr. Meier then expressed his sincere and heartfelt thanks to his District Deputies for the year of conscientious service which they had accorded him.

He next announced that the session was ready to receive nominations for next year's Grand Lodge officers, and recognized Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832, who placed the name of Michael F. Shannon in nomination for Grand Exalted Ruler. Previous to the Convention, Mr. Shannon's candidacy had been announced by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, and Mr. Benjamin added most gracefully to the many fine things that the members of Mr. Shannon's Lodge had already said about him.

For twenty-five years, Mr. Benjamin said, Mr. Shannon had served his Lodge, his State Association and the Grand Lodge. He characterized him as a splendid citizen—vigilant for suffering humanity, devoted to his home, with a brilliant mind, a ready wit and a vivid personality; he is a widely traveled man, his breadth of vision has been ripened by the many great works of nature which he has witnessed. He comes, said Mr. Benjamin, from a State that has been chosen as a battleground by the Communists—where his first-hand experience with them qualifies him ideally to stamp out their subversive doctrines. Mr. Shannon's election, Mr. Benjamin went on to say, would be a clarion call to arms against the red rabble.

In a few well chosen phrases J. Thomas Crowe of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, President of the California State Elks Association, seconded Mr. Shannon's candidacy. He pointed to the fact that 75 Californians had left their homes in the face of the most serious strike that had ever occurred there in order to elect a leader who thoroughly understands Communistic tactics and how best to deal with them. The California strike, Mr. Crowe pointed out, was fomented by Communists and not by the laboring classes, and it was directed at the destruction of the American form of government rather than as an aid to labor.

THERE being no other nominations, the Grand Secretary was instructed by the Chair to cast one ballot, and amidst great applause Mr. Shannon was unanimously elected for Grand Exalted Ruler for the 1934-35 term and escorted to the dais.

Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, honored the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect by adorning him with a purple and white lei. Mr. Shannon's speech of acceptance, which is given in full elsewhere in this number, was received with thunderous approbation—especially the militant call to action against the menace of Communism—and the suggestion was made that its reading be made mandatory at the next regular session of every subordinate Lodge of the Order.

The next office to be filled was that of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. For this position Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, was nominated by Henry E. Cook, District Deputy for Iowa Southeast, and as was the case with all the ensuing nominations, his election also was unanimous.

For the office of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Walter Reed Gage of Manhattan, Kansas, Lodge, No. 1185, nominated H. Glenn Boyd of Wichita, Kansas, Lodge, Number 427.

Hubert S. Riley of Indianapolis, Ind.,

Lodge, No. 13, placed the name of Joseph L. Clarke of the same Lodge in nomination for the office of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

For Grand Tiler J. Levi Meader of Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, was nominated by Harold J. Field of Brookline, Mass. Lodge, No. 886.

As Grand Inner Guard Judge Bryant S. Cromer of Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, nominated George S. Pitchford of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge, No. 624.

For the office of Grand Secretary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener renominated the present incumbent, Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters. Both of these distinguished servants of the Order are members of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494.

E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and member of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, renominated for Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy, of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, who has filled this important office so capably for the past two years.

Harold Colee, of St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Florida State Elks Association, then nominated Governor David Sholtz, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and a member of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, for the existing vacancy on the Board of Grand Trustees—a five-year term. As Mr. Colee pointed out, Governor Sholtz has served both his State and the Order most capably and conscientiously during recent years as Exalted Ruler of his home Lodge, as a District Deputy, as President of the Florida State Elks Association, as founder of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, and as Governor of his State.

As stated above all of these officers were unanimously and enthusiastically elected to office amidst great applause and enthusiasm.

The Grand Secretary then read a telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, regretting his inability to be present and wishing Mr. Meier and the delegates a wholly successful and resultful Convention. Another telegram, from Col. Robert L. Queisser, Past Grand Esquire and National President of The Sojourners, an organization with 10,000 members convening at the time in Cleveland, O., was then read. It commended the fine spirit of Americanism exhibited by the Order of Elks, and wished them a most successful gathering.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next opened the meeting to invitations for the 1935 Grand Lodge Session, first recognizing C. W. Wallace of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37. Mr. Wallace pointed out the convenient location of Columbus; its temperate climate and its splendidly drilled Uniformed Elks Patrol, which in this and previous years had been very much in evidence during the Conventions. Next year, he said, would be Columbus Lodge's 50th Anniversary, and every Lodge in Ohio, as well as the Ohio State Elks Association, Governor George White, Mayor Worley of Columbus, and the local civic and commercial bodies, all joined in extending a sincere invitation. His invitation was seconded by one from President Trautman of the Columbus "Red Birds," the baseball team then in Kansas City.

Louis J. Euler, Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge was next recognized. He invited the Grand Lodge to his City next year, pointing out its many natural beauties, its splendid climate—and also the fact that a World's Fair would be held in the nearby City of San Diego. Reasonable hotel rates had been guaranteed, he said, and all the civic and commercial officials joined him in urging the Grand Lodge to meet there.

Gov. David Sholtz of Florida then presented Miami as next year's Convention City in a dynamic and colorful address. The

Southern States need help in their efforts to up-build the spirit of Elkdom locally, he said. He assured the gathering that everything would be done from the Governor's office down to show the delegates a wonderful time and to make for their comfort and convenience.

Ballots were provided, and in closing this Grand Lodge session Grand Exalted Ruler Meier announced that the votes would be counted and the decision announced later on in the Convention.

Second Business Session of the Grand Lodge

GRAND Exalted Ruler Meier convened the second business session of the Grand Lodge in the Orpheum Theatre at 10:00 A.M., July 18. After Grand Chaplain Dysart's invocation and the singing of one verse of "America," the Chairman called for the report of the Election Committee, Dr. Carroll Smith, of St. Louis Lodge, Chairman. Dr. Smith reported that inasmuch as there had been no contests for the various offices their election would stand as announced at yesterday's session. On the vote for next year's Convention City the tabulation was as follows:

Columbus	407
Miami	352
Los Angeles	172
Defective ballots	8
Total	939

Inasmuch as this tally failed to give a majority to any city the Chair announced that another vote would be taken at the end of the session.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then read a telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, who explained that he had greatly regretted his hurried departure on Monday which had been occasioned by the serious emergency in San Francisco, and bespoke success for the Convention.

Jacob L. Sherman, P.E.R. of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, Chairman of the Committee on Distribution, was then called upon for his report. In it he listed the various committees, boards and commissions to which the resolutions and recommendations referred to his Committee had been transmitted. His report was unanimously adopted.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier then asked Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener to submit his report as Chairman of the Memorial and Publication Commission. This report, which is published elsewhere in this issue, was adopted unanimously, the Grand Exalted Ruler terming the Commission's work a wonderful accomplishment and expressing the deep appreciation of himself and of the Grand Lodge to the Commission's members for the many helpful services they had rendered during the year just past.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was then called upon for his report as Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Extracts from this report are reproduced elsewhere in this number.

In supplementing his report Mr. Malley stated that since his arrival in Kansas City the Foundation had received a \$20.00 contribution from M. H. Starkweather of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385; a \$100.00 payment—the final one—from Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, on its Honorary Founder's Certificate, and a greatly appreciated contribution of \$50.00 from Mrs. Ella S. Louer, widow of the late Secretary Harry S. Louer, of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. D.D. Max L. Lindheimer, of Pennsylvania, who had brought Mrs. Louer's check with him, had asked Mr. Malley to explain that she had requested him to say that she wanted to do the one thing for the Order that her late husband would have liked best. In her will Mrs. Louer is leaving

her entire estate to the Elks National Foundation.

Chairman Malley went on to explain that the \$300.00 scholarships which the Foundation granted last year to State Elks Associations where 50% of the Lodges are subscribers to the Foundation, would be continued for another year, but that this year an additional requirement, in order to qualify, would be that at least 50% of the Lodges in the State must have paid all the installments due upon their subscriptions.

In conclusion Chairman Malley repeated the declaration that was a part of the Foundation Trustees' 1932 report to the effect that the proper education of the nation's youth is the greatest safeguard against the menace of Communism—being mindful of Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect Shannon's militant call to action on this topic. Chairman Meier expressed the Grand Lodge's deep appreciation for the fine and constructive service being rendered by the Foundation Trustees, and the report was unanimously adopted.

Louis J. Euler, Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, then spoke in a thoroughly sportsmanlike way from the floor, withdrawing Los Angeles' invitation for next year's Grand Lodge Convention in view of the fact that both Columbus and Miami had been given preference over Los Angeles by the delegates. He said that he was sure both of these cities were 100% Elk centers, and that there could be no question but that a fine Convention would be held in either locality.

The Chair then recognized Miami's and Columbus' able spokesmen in brief speeches in which they presented additional and persuasive arguments as to why the Grand Lodge should visit their cities next year. For Miami, Grand Trustee-Elect David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, spoke most convincingly, as did also Max Friedman, P.E.R. of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, in behalf of Columbus. Ballots for a new vote were distributed to be cast at the end of the session.

Third Business Session of the Grand Lodge

THE third business session of the Grand Lodge convened promptly at 2 o'clock on Wednesday in the Orpheum Theatre. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier asked Dr. Carroll Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Elections, to announce the tally of the second ballot on next year's Convention City, which the latter did as follows:

Columbus	616
Miami	347
Defective ballots	1
Total	964

Inasmuch as this tally gave the necessary majority to Columbus, the Chairman declared that that City would be the host of the 1935 Grand Lodge Reunion.

Chairman Meier then asked Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, to submit his report. This report will be published in next month's issue. Mr. Coen prefixed his remarks by introducing the members of his Committee—all of whom have now served for the past two years—as follows:

Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53.
Emmett T. Anderson, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174.
George E. Strong, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.
Charles S. Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842.

Mr. Coen then stated that three resolutions had been referred to his Committee for action, and requested permission to dispose of them before submitting his report, which permission was granted.

La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, had suggested a Statutory amendment whereby long-time members of the Order would pay lower dues than newer members. Mr. Coen recommended that this resolution be not adopted, and his recommendation was carried unanimously.

Wallace A. Loper of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, had made a recommendation regarding the Order's advocacy of a national old-age pension act, the funds for this purpose to be raised by means of a sales tax, and, upon Mr. Coen's explanation that such action might tend to involve the Order in a political controversy, the resolution was defeated unanimously.

New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, had suggested that the United States Post Office Department be asked to issue a postage stamp with the American flag reproduced on it in commemoration of Flag Day. In asking the Convention to vote against the adoption of this recommendation Mr. Coen said he appreciated the spirit in which it was offered, but felt that the act of canceling such a stamp might be construed as desecrating the flag. The delegates concurred unanimously in Mr. Coen's recommendation.

Mr. Coen then called on Dr. McCormick, of his Committee, to read the report. The latter said that he was speaking for every member of the Committee with the exception of Chairman Coen, and was carrying out their urgent request, in stating that it was a great pleasure to work for such a fine leader and that they all appreciated Mr. Coen's conscientious and constructive labors more than they could say. At the conclusion of the reading of the report it was unanimously adopted with a rising vote of thanks.

THE next order of business was the report of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, Chairman of the State Associations Committee. Judge Thompson first introduced those members of his Committee who were present, namely:

William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1.
Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171.

Chairman Thompson explained that unfortunately it was impossible for the other two members of his Committee—namely, R. W. Jones, of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, and Leon McCord, of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, to be present. Extracts from Chairman Thompson's report follow:

We have some excellent State Associations which are making outstanding contributions to Elksdom. We have others that are struggling to exist. Between these are still others rendering service more or less important. There are four states—Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico and Tennessee—where there are no active State Associations, but efforts are being made to reorganize them. One state, Rhode Island, has never had a State Association. The latest addition to the list of State Associations is Wyoming, which was reorganized at Casper June 21, 1934. All of the seven lodges in the State were represented and all are charter members of the State Association.

Many Lodges have been saved to our Order by the sympathetic guidance of officers and committees of the State Association, who can carry out a program of rehabilitation running through a year or more. Too little attention has been given to Lodges that have fallen into evil ways because of lack of leadership. State Association officials can perform no greater service for our Order than assisting the District Deputy in making his official visits and helping him and the Grand Exalted Ruler to correct conditions where a Lodge is found in trouble. The official State Association visit to a Lodge should be made on a night other than that of the official visit of the District Deputy. Each visit has a distinct purpose. We recommend a closer cooperation between State Association officials and District Deputies, and express the hope that the Grand Exalted Ruler will emphasize the importance

of such cooperation.

All good Elks believe that an Elk Lodge properly conducted is a great asset to any city large enough to furnish the necessary membership. Yet we are making little effort to establish Lodges in many good cities of 5,000 population and over where no Lodge now exists. There are many cities of 15,000 population and upwards of the highest type of citizenship in the metropolitan areas around cities like Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis where Elk Lodges should be established. The mistaken policy of trying to make one big Lodge serve several adjoining cities has deprived our Order of thousands of valuable members and proportionately reduced our opportunity to serve. Five lodges of 1,000 members are generally much more valuable from every standpoint than one of 5,000 members. There are also scores of cities between 5,000 and 10,000 population located in counties without an Elks Lodge which could support a good Lodge of 200 or more members.

We urge State Association officials to make a study of their respective states and see that every city not now served by an Elk Lodge, but capable of supporting one, establishes such a Lodge this year. Let us celebrate the 67th anniversary of the birth of Elksdom February 16, 1935 by instituting 67 new Lodges that day. Get the blanks from the Grand Lodge reunion. Here is a real opportunity for State Associations to show their interest in the growth of the Order.

Because of the voluntary character of membership in the State Association and because there is no assurance of income, no State Association should create fixed financial obligations beyond the current year. It is the function of the State Association to foster and promote social service activities in the various subordinate Lodges and through its wider scope of influence to interest the public in some major activity and thereby gain the public support.

Under amendments to the Grand Lodge Statutes, there was added to the jurisdiction of the Committee on State Associations the work of the Committee on Ritual. The experience of the year has proved that this statutory change was a wise one. The promotion of ritualistic contests is a natural function of the State Association and is properly under the jurisdiction of this committee.

Rules governing official ritualistic contests were prepared by our committee during the year and were distributed to all Grand Lodge officers, committeemen and District Deputies, all State Association officials and all Exalted Rulers, March 10, 1934. Interest in these contests is growing each year. Official state contests have been held during the present Grand Lodge year in twenty-two states, the following Lodges being winners in their respective states:

California—Bakersfield No. 266.
Colorado—Boulder No. 566.
Connecticut—Ansonia No. 1269.
Florida—Tallahassee No. 937.
Georgia—Albany No. 713.
Illinois—Monmouth No. 397.
Indiana—Frankfort No. 560.
Iowa—Keokuk No. 106.
Kansas—Great Bend No. 1127.
Massachusetts—Newton No. 1327.
Michigan—Kalamazoo No. 50.
Nebraska—Omaha No. 39.
Nevada—Reno No. 597.
New Jersey—South Orange No. 1154.
New York—Saratoga No. 161.
Oklahoma—Blackwell No. 1347.
Pennsylvania—Washington No. 776.
South Carolina—Columbia No. 1190.
South Dakota—Aberdeen No. 1046.
Virginia—Roanoke No. 197.
Wisconsin—Sheboygan—No. 299.
The final contest in Ohio has not been held.

Of these state champions the following participated in the national contest held Monday afternoon of this week:

Omaha, Nebraska No. 39.
Keokuk, Iowa No. 106.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin No. 299.
Monmouth, Illinois No. 397.
Tallahassee, Florida No. 937.
Great Bend, Kansas No. 1127.
Ansonia, Connecticut No. 1269.
Newton, Massachusetts No. 1327.

The contest was close, less than four points between the highest and the lowest. All of the teams did excellent work and all are deserving of the highest praise. First place goes to Newton, Massachusetts No. 1327, the defending champions. (The members of the winning team were introduced.) In addition to the Championship Cup, which the Committee now awards to Newton, the following cash awards are made:

First Prize, \$151, Newton, No. 1327.
Second Prize, \$125, Monmouth, No. 397.
Third Prize, \$100, Tallahassee, No. 937.
Fourth Prize, \$75, Ansonia, No. 1269.
Fifth Prize, \$50, Keokuk, No. 106.

These cash awards are made from an appropriation of \$300 from the funds of this

Committee and \$200 from the funds of the Kansas City Committee.

The judges of the contest were John K. Burch, Michigan, Past Grand Trustee; O. L. Hayden, Oklahoma, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; F. E. Dayton, Past President, California State Elks Association; Philip Clancy, Secretary, New York State Elks Association, and Claude E. Thompson, D.D., Indiana, Central. The clerks were Henry E. Curtis, Past Pres. Kentucky State Elks Assn.; Jacob Gunst, Past Pres. Arizona State Elks Assn., and L. L. Des Combes, P.E.R., Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673. You will note that these brothers were selected from non-competing States.

The Committee expresses its appreciation of the interest that has been taken in the national contest by the Lodges participating and the high quality of work performed by all the participating teams, and is grateful for the services rendered by the judges and clerks who gave yeoman service, and the fine cooperation given by the officers and members of Kansas City Lodge.

Finally, the Committee urges correspondence between the officers of the various State Associations with a view to outlining programs of activity that will gain and hold the interest of the Lodges and membership generally in State Association work. Our Committee feels that there is no agency that can be of greater service to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the splendid American program he has proposed for the coming year than the State Associations, and we bespeak for him the hearty and active cooperation of all State Association officials.

UPON the conclusion and unanimous adoption of this well received report Grand Exalted Ruler Meier said that he was most grateful both to the State Associations Committee and to the Lodge Activities Committee for their long and conscientious labors in the Order's behalf.

He then called upon Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin for the supplementary report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees to which Chairman Malley had referred in submitting his formal report for this Body the day before. As Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of the Foundation Trustees, pointed out, this supplementary report covered the award of the \$1,000 scholarship prize to some American student of highest scholastic, moral and physical standing, and another award of \$1,000 to the Lodge which during the previous year had performed the most outstanding service in the field of Elk activities. Mr. Benjamin asked and promptly secured the unanimous consent of the Convention to introduce from the dais the family of the boy who had been awarded the scholarship prize.

This eighteen-year-old lad, he went on to say, graduated from high school this spring with an average four-year rating of 94. As a public debater he won 32 of the 37 contests of this nature in which he participated; was a member of his school football, basketball and track teams, and President of his Class both in his junior and senior years. The Trustees' award was then made personally to Carroll Ross Layman of Du Quoin, Ill., and with a special escort of Illinois Elk officials, Mr. Layman thanked the Grand Lodge for the honor that had been conferred on him, in a few well chosen words.

Because of the excellent records of three of the other contestants the Foundation Trustees had decided to award three additional scholarship prizes of \$300.00 each, Mr. Benjamin explained, as follows:

Mary Louise Bruchman, of Prescott, Ariz.
John N. Leonard, of Bradford, Pa.
Charles B. Honikel, of Albany, N. Y.

The Foundation's prize, Mr. Benjamin went on to state, for the finest example of individual Lodge service during the year, was hotly contested by four subordinate Lodges. The Commission's members had agreed unanimously, however, that the palm should go to Kittanning, Pa., Lodge, No. 203. The members of this Lodge, under the leadership of District Deputy Francis T. Benson and Exalted Ruler James H. Stivanon, succeeded in financing a badly needed hospital in Kittanning after four previous attempts in more prosperous years to raise

the necessary funds for this purpose had all failed.

At the request of the Kittanning Hospital Board the Lodge assumed this responsibility on April 2 of this year, and not only succeeded in raising the \$26,000 required to build the Institution, but also donated an additional \$2,500 in order to add a maternity ward as a special tribute to motherhood. Ground has already been broken for this building.

Messrs. Benson and Stivanson were then escorted to the dais where they exhibited the architect's drawing for this fine institution. Particularly in view of the fact that Kittanning's population is but 50,000, and that there are but slightly more than 400 members in the local Lodge, this service is indeed an outstanding one, said Mr. Benjamin. After the meeting Mr. Benson stated that Kittanning Lodge would donate its \$1,000 prize money to the hospital.

Mr. Benjamin closed this most interesting report with a stirring plea for contributions to the Foundation, pointing out that the more donations that are made, the more fine deeds such as those just described can be undertaken. Mr. Benjamin made a particular plea for annual donations of \$5.00 each under the "Foundation Volunteer Plan" as described in Chairman Malley's report. This supplementary report was then unanimously and enthusiastically adopted.

At this point in the proceedings J. Wayne Allen of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, requested the privilege of the floor to move that the selection of Columbus, O., as next year's Convention City be made unanimous. This sportsmanlike attitude on the part of the spokesman for the defeated Florida delegation was received and adopted with applause.

C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, was next called upon by the Chair for his report as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. He said that as of July 8, 1934, sixty-one Antler Lodges were functioning actively, and that twenty such Lodges had been organized in the year just past. There are now Antler Lodges in twenty-three States—which is five more States to join the Antler column than were in last year. For the year just closed the net gain in Antler Lodges has been sixteen, whereas during the preceding year the net gain was fourteen. The total Antler membership this year is 4,043, whereas a year ago it was 3,617—a gain of 426 members for the period.

There is a logical affinity, Mr. Nichols pointed out, between Boy Scout Troops and Antler Lodges. Inasmuch as the members of Antler Lodges are really apprenticed Elks, this movement is entitled to the unqualified support of all good Elks. Antler activities cover a wide range of affairs—including social, ceremonial, civic, athletic and dramatic events, and lectures.

Mr. Nichols expressed his gratitude to THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the unqualified co-operation that its staff had extended to the Antlers Council. He recommended the careful selection of Antler counselors on the part of subordinate Lodges, and advocated the attendance of Elks at Antler meetings. He also urged that Antler teams of various kinds be invited to State Elks Association meetings and characterized the Antler movement as the Order's investment in American citizenship.

He said that he would always be more than glad to reply as fully as possible to questions and letters regarding the Antlers, and closed his report by pointing out that the youth of America today is confronted with a more serious evil than any which it has ever had to face heretofore. This, he said, is the Communistic propaganda which is beginning to come out into the open with its attempts to warp the conception of the

youth of the land as to the real nature of American ideals and the American Constitution. Mr. Nichol's report was unanimously adopted.

The next order of business was the report of the Committee on Judiciary of which E. Mark Sullivan, of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, is Chairman. Mr. Sullivan prefixed his remarks by introducing the members of his Committee as follows:

Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 799.

Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160.

Fred A. Wiecking, Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796.

James T. Keefe, North Platte, Nebr., Lodge, No. 985.

His Committee's formal report follows:

The Committee on Judiciary during its incumbency from July 8, 1933 to July 7, 1934, has rendered to the Lodges and members of the Order 252 interpretive opinions. It has reviewed amendments to, or completed revisions of the by-laws of 623 Lodges. Many of these amendments and revisions were disapproved in the first instance so that resubmission thereof in corrected form was required.

Twenty-seven Lodges submitted house rules for approval.

Three Lodges submitted by-laws of incorporated clubs and/or articles of incorporation.

Eight applications were made for leave to publish Lodge bulletins, 2 of which applications were disapproved.

Twenty-one building or financing applications were submitted to the Committee by the Board of Grand Trustees; in the case of 2 of these this Committee recommended to the Grand Trustees they ought not be approved.

The 46 amendments to Grand Lodge Statutes adopted at the Grand Lodge Convention of 1933 made necessary numerous changes in the by-laws of subordinate Lodges so that it was deemed advisable to revise the Guide By-Laws. It is pleasing to report the universal disposition of our subordinate Lodges to keep their by-laws in uniformity with the latest edition of the Guide By-Laws.

The practice of writing "unofficial opinions" was continued during the current year with the result that only 2 official opinions were given by the Committee on Judiciary. Despite the numerous amendments to Grand Lodge Statutes enacted at the previous Grand Lodge session, the volume of Opinions and Decisions contained precedents adequate for the interpretation of the Statutes so amended.

Subsequently in the session this report was unanimously adopted.

Following are the resolutions and amendments to the Grand Lodge statutes, referred to the Committee on Judiciary, together with the action taken on each:

Your Committee on Judiciary recommends that the first paragraph of Sec. 121, G.L.S., be amended by including in the enumeration therein of the occasions when a public display may be made by a Lodge or a member thereof as such, the words—"or the dedication of a building"; so that when amended said first paragraph shall read as follows:

"Sec. 121: No Lodge or member thereof as such shall make a public display, except on 'Memorial Day' or on the occasion of a funeral of a brother or the dedication of a building, or on the days commonly known as 'Decoration Day', the 'Fourth of July', or 'Flag Day' without the consent of the Grand Exalted Ruler or District Deputy."

This recommendation was unanimously adopted.

Your Committee has carefully considered the recommendation of the New York State Elk's Association, Massachusetts Elk's Association, Glen Cove Lodge, N. Y., No. 1458, and Chelsea, Massachusetts Lodge, No. 938, that the amendments to Sections Nos. 115, 116, and 117, G.L.S., adopted at the Grand Lodge Convention of 1933 be repealed so as to restore the original dates for annual nominations, elections, and installations of officers of subordinate Lodges, and your Committee now respectfully recommends that the same be not adopted.

The Committee's recommendation with re-

gard to these proposed amendments was adopted by a large majority.

Your Committee having carefully considered the recommendation of Camden Lodge, N. J., No. 293, that Sections Nos. 81-A, 82, 85, 89, 90 and 91, G.L.S., be so amended as to provide for a subordinate forum with 5 members in addition to the presiding Justice, the latter officer to have no vote in determining the verdict upon any complaint tried before it, now recommends that the same be not adopted.

The Committee's recommendation was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman on Judiciary, having carefully considered the resolution of Alameda, California Lodge, No. 1015, that the Grand Lodge Statutes be so amended as to permit subordinate Lodges to make remittance of Grand Lodge dues in semi-annual payments, now recommends that the same be not adopted.

The Committee's recommendation was unanimously adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has carefully considered the recommendations of New Orleans Lodge No. 30 and Long Beach, California, Lodge No. 888, that Section No. 214, G.L.S., be so amended as to permit Lodge bulletins to carry advertisements; your Committee finds that the existing restriction arose out of frequent abuses of the privilege to solicit advertisements and that by an early act of the Grand Lodge it became the law of the Order and has been an established practice for the past twenty years. For these reasons your Committee recommends that the proposed amendment be not adopted.

The Committee's recommendation was unanimously adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary having carefully considered the resolution offered by William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New York Lodge No. 1, that Article No. 3, Section No. 5 of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge be amended by striking out the words—

"and shall designate the time and place of its next annual session",

and the words—

"may in case of great emergency or necessity change",

and by adding to said section the words—

"shall determine",

so that said section of the Constitution as amended shall read as follows—

"The Grand Lodge will meet annually in regular session. The Grand Exalted Ruler, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, shall determine the place of holding the ensuing regular session. The Grand Exalted Ruler may convene the Grand Lodge in special session, as provided by statute."

Your Committee recommends that the same be not adopted.

The Committee's recommendation was unanimously adopted.

A suggestion to amend Section 161 of the Grand Lodge statutes by Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 was received by the Judiciary Committee too late for consideration at this session of the Grand Lodge.

Your Committee on Judiciary to which was referred the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, relative to the amendment of Section 15, Article III of the Constitution, so as to authorize the assessment of a special fee upon new members of subordinate Lodges at the time of their initiation therein, does report that it has carefully considered said recommendation, and recommends that there be submitted to the subordinate Lodges for approval or disapproval an amendment to Section 15, Article III of the Constitution, whereby the following provision shall be inserted after the first sentence therein and be made a part thereof:—

"The Grand Lodge also shall annually, by resolution, assess upon each member, initiated in the Order during the Grand Lodge year for which said assessment is made, a special fee, in such amount and to be paid in such manner as may be prescribed by the Grand Lodge, to provide additional revenue for the support of the Elk's National Home."

So that the Section, when amended, shall read as follows:—

"Sec. 15. The Grand Lodge shall an-

nually, by resolution, assess upon each member of the Order annual dues, in such amount and to be paid in such manner as may be prescribed by the Grand Lodge, for raising revenue to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elk's National Home, so long as the Home shall be maintained by statute, and including the maintenance of the National Headquarters and for the expense of publishing and distributing such national journal as the Grand Lodge may provide to be published. The Grand Lodge also shall annually, by resolution, assess upon each member, initiated in the Order during the Grand Lodge year for which said assessment is made, a special fee, in such amount and to be paid in such manner as may be prescribed by the Grand Lodge, to provide additional revenue for the support of the Elk's National Home. No money, except the funds controlled by the Elk's National Foundation Trustees, shall be drawn from the treasury, except as authorized by the Grand Lodge.

Your Committee on Judiciary, to effect the purposes of an amendment to Section 15, Article III of the Constitution, if approved at this session of the Grand Lodge, hereby recommends:—

That the following paragraph be included in Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statute—"Revenue of the Grand Lodge"—to be designated as "(1-A)" therein, which shall read as follows:—

"(1-A): A special fee to be paid by each Elk upon initiation into the Order during the Grand Lodge year for which such special fee shall be assessed; the amount of such special fee and the method of collecting the same shall be determined by resolution of the Grand Lodge."

And that it is hereby further provided that said amendment shall become effective upon the adoption of the amendment to Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, approved at this session of the Grand Lodge.

To effect the purpose of a proposed amendment to Section 15, Article III of the Constitution approved at this session of the Grand Lodge, your Committee on Judiciary, on the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, now recommends the adoption of the following resolution:—

"RESOLVED: That in accordance with Section 15, Article III of the Constitution as amended by an amendment approved at this session of the Grand Lodge, there is hereby fixed and assessed upon each member hereafter initiated into the Order during the Grand Lodge Year of 1934-35, a special fee of two (\$2.00) dollars, the same to be in addition to the initiation fee fixed by the By-Laws of the subordinate Lodge, which special fee shall be collected from each such initiate at the time of his initiation, by the Secretary of the subordinate Lodge, for the use and benefit of the Elks National Home; and that all moneys thus collected in any month shall be segregated in a special fund and remitted to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge by the Treasurer of the subordinate Lodge on or before the tenth day of the succeeding month; and further that the assessment of such special fees shall become effective upon the adoption of the amendment to Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, approved at this session of the Grand Lodge, and shall be applicable only to initiates whose applications are filed subsequent to the date of such adoption."

Your Committee on Judiciary presents and recommends, upon the request and recommendation of the Board of Grand Trustees, the following resolution:—

RESOLVED: That in accordance with Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1st, 1935, annual dues in the amount of \$1.40; that of the amount so fixed and assessed \$1.00 for each Elk on its roll of membership as of April 1st shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1935, for the expense of publishing and distributing the national journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, \$.40 for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1935, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; provided, however, that in the event of the adoption of the amendment to Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, approved at this session of the Grand Lodge, then and thereupon as a result of such ap-

proving vote the amount of the assessment shall be \$1.35 in lieu of the former amount specified, but in any event \$1.00 of the assessment shall be for the use and benefit of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

After considerable discussion the foregoing group of resolutions—all involving the levying of a \$2.00 special fee on new members in the Order—was adopted by a vote of 419 in favor to 183 opposed.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier then called upon Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, for his report as Chairman of a Special Committee which had been appointed to provide and supervise the erection of an American flag staff and base at Monticello, Va., in order to assist the Thomas Jefferson Foundation in its plans to maintain Monticello as a National Shrine.

For this purpose Mr. Harper's Committee, which consists of Randolph H. Perry, of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, and P. A. Kersey, of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, had been authorized by the Grand Lodge to spend \$1,000 last year. Investigation, Mr. Harper reported, shows that this sum was not sufficient for the purpose, with the result that no moneys had been spent. A properly designed memorial, by a recognized architect, would cost approximately \$1,500 to design; create and install, Mr. Harper said, and he asked the Grand Lodge to appropriate the additional \$500 needed for this purpose. This request was unanimously granted, and his Committee was authorized to continue in office in order to carry out its original purpose.

Fourth Business Session of the Grand Lodge

THE fourth and concluding Grand Lodge business session for the year 1934 opened at 10:00 A.M., on Thursday, July 19, with Grand Exalted Ruler Meier in the chair. After singing one verse of "America" the Divine blessing was invoked by Grand Chaplain Dysart.

The Chairman then called on Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener for his report as Chairman of a Special Committee which had been created the previous year for the purpose of supervising the erection and dedication of a suitable memorial at the grave of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Cronk. For this purpose the Board of Grand Trustees had made the sum of \$1,000 available, Mr. Tener explained. He then went on to say that the plot for this memorial had been purchased, and the contract let for its construction and erection in Clarion, Pa. Mr. Tener announced the membership of his Committee as follows:

James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, Nebr., Lodge, No. 39.
John F. Nugent, Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883.
F. L. Bensinger, Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110.
James B. Borland, Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110.
Lawrence D. Gent, Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110.

Franklin Lodge, Mr. Tener explained, was entitled to the thanks of the Grand Lodge for the conscientious and capable way in which it had arranged for the dedication ceremony. Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler David W. Frazier, its members had not only discovered this unmarked grave and brought it to the Grand Lodge's attention, but also had made the plans for a most effective and well attended ceremony at no expense to the Grand Lodge. Upon unanimous vote Mr. Tener's report was adopted, the Committee was discharged and the Grand Lodge's thanks were tendered to Franklin Lodge for its fine cooperation.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then recognized Grand Trustee-Elect David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, who explained that it had been

impossible for him to be present yesterday when Columbus had been announced as next year's Convention City. He went on to say that all the delegates of the Southeast section would be happy to go wherever the majority of the Grand Lodge wanted to go. Speaking for the Florida delegation, he said that he was sure the Grand Lodge would have a wonderful time and a fine Convention in Columbus, moving again that the selection of that City be made unanimous. This motion was carried without a dissenting vote.

THE Chairman then called upon William D. Hancher, of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, for his final report. Mr. Meier explained that this Committee had been hard at work throughout the Convention, with the result that it had been impossible for the members to attend the sessions. Chairman Hancher then introduced the members of his Committee as follows:

Frank L. McGovern, Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071.
M. Riley Wyatt, San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216.
Harry S. Joseph, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85.

George C. Hunt, of Huron, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 444, was the only missing member.

Chairman Hancher then submitted his final report on those present, which follows:

Past Grand Exalted Rulers.....	15
Grand Lodge Officers.....	19
Grand Lodge Committeemen.....	21
District Deputies.....	113
Representatives.....	776
Alternate Representatives.....	117
Grand Lodge Members.....	284

Total1,345

This report was unanimously adopted.

At this point the representative of Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, No. 901, arose to read a telegram he had just received to the effect that for the third time in recent years the Lodge's Lapsation Committee had reported that the membership was 100% paid up. This announcement was received with applause.

J. Edward Sproule, E.R. of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, next presented a resolution setting the dates for next year's Grand Lodge Convention. The meeting is to start in Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday, July 14, with the public ceremony the evening of the 15th, and the first Grand Lodge business session on Tuesday morning, July 16. This resolution was unanimously adopted.

A. Charles Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was then called upon for the Board's final budget and report. Mr. Stewart first introduced the members of his Committee, as follows:

James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5.
James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878.
Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312.
Henry A. Guenther, Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21.

Mr. Stewart then went on to explain that Mr. Richardson, the incoming Chairman, would submit the Committee's report and accompanying resolutions. At this point Grand Exalted Ruler Meier stated that the thanks of the Grand Lodge should be extended to the Board for their conscientious labors in behalf of the entire Order. Chairman-Elect Richardson then submitted the final budget, which was unanimously adopted. The statistics follow:

Estimated Receipts

Per Capita Tax.....	\$175,000.00
Lodge Maintenance, Elks National Home.....	60,000.00
Income on Sale of Supplies.....	5,000.00

Certificates of Status.....	200.00
Miscellaneous Receipts.....	3,000.00
Increased per capita tax, or additional income provided in accordance with Resolution at the rate of \$2.00 per each initiate admitted to the Order.....	30,000.00
Total Estimated Receipts.....	\$273,200.00

Estimated Expenditures

Grand Lodge Expense, including Session.....	\$ 50,000.00
Maintenance, Elks National Home	125,000.00
Grand Exalted Ruler—appropriated but not expended.....	2,512.68
Grand Exalted Ruler—Office and Travel.....	18,000.00
Grand Secretary—Salary and office expense.....	21,000.00
Grand Treasurer—Salary and Office Expense.....	900.00
Grand Trustees — Office and Travel.....	4,000.00
Grand Forum.....	200.00
Judiciary Committee.....	1,200.00
Auditing Committee.....	300.00
State Associations Committee.....	2,500.00
Publication Committee.....	300.00
General Assistance for Incapacitated Members.....	5,000.00
Extraordinary Fund provided by Grand Lodge Statute.....	2,500.00
Miss Emma Scholl.....	1,890.00
Lodge Activities Committee.....	5,000.00
Foundation Trustees.....	3,000.00
Mrs. J. U. Sammis.....	600.00
Grand Lodge Officers Travel.....	2,000.00
Surety Bonds — Grand Lodge Officers.....	393.75
Testimonials.....	1,700.00
Regional Conferences of District Deputies.....	6,000.00
Antlers Council.....	500.00
W. J. O'Brien Memorial.....	1,800.00
Flag Pole, Monticello.....	1,500.00
District Deputies Visitations.....	10,000.00
To mark Grave of P. G. E. R. George P. Cronk.....	1,000.00
On Account, Memorial for August Herrmann, P. G. E. R.....	1,500.00
Total Estimated Expenditures	\$270,296.43

The following resolution was then presented by Mr. Richardson:

RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and are hereby authorized to provide out of the appropriation for General Assistance a contingent fund of \$1,000.00 for the use of the Grand Exalted Ruler, so that General Assistance donations may be made without loss of time.

RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and hereby are authorized to provide out of the appropriation for the expenses of the Elks National Foundation Trustees a contingent fund of \$1,000.00 for the use of the Chairman of said Trustees, so that the Trustees may function without loss of time.

RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and hereby are authorized to provide out of the Emergency Charity Fund a contingent fund of \$2,500.00 for the use of the Grand Exalted Ruler, so that in emergencies donations therefrom may be made by him without delay.

This resolution also was unanimously adopted. He next offered a resolution to the effect that a charter be issued to Concord, N. C., Lodge, No. 1593, and this was passed unanimously.

His next resolution was to the effect that duplicate charters be issued to the following Lodges, investigation having disclosed the fact that their original charters had been lost or destroyed:

Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111
Peru, Ind., Lodge, No. 365
Leighton, Pa., Lodge, No. 1284
Oskaloosa, Ia., Lodge, No. 340
Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29
Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469
La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584

This resolution was unanimously adopted. The Board's next resolution recommended that the following Lodges be permitted to retain their present names in spite of the fact that they are not the names of the cities in which the Lodges are located:

"Hellgate" Lodge, No. 383—Missoula, Mont.
"Tintic" Lodge, No. 711—Eureka, Utah.
Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414—Balboa, Canal Zone

This resolution was also carried unanimously.

The Board's next resolution, which was passed unanimously, was to the effect that the Grand Trustees be authorized to borrow moneys as they might be needed in behalf of the Grand Lodge.

The Board of Grand Trustees next requested ratification of the action which it had taken jointly with the Grand Exalted Ruler in revoking the charters of the following Lodges, which ratification was unanimously granted:

Eastland, Tex., Lodge, No. 1372
Dayton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 58
Kirkville, Mo., Lodge, No. 464
Carthage, Mo., Lodge, No. 529
Maysville, Ky., Lodge, No. 704
Georgetown, S. C., Lodge, No. 900
Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919
Moberly, Mo., Lodge, No. 936
San Angelo, Tex., Lodge, No. 998
Humboldt, Tenn., Lodge, No. 1098
Hope, Ark., Lodge, No. 1109
Pawhuska, Okla., Lodge, No. 1177
Rogers, Ark., Lodge, No. 1223
Bangor, Me., Lodge, No. 244
Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375

Mr. Richardson then asked for ratification of the Board's and the Grand Exalted Ruler's action in restoring the charter of Poplar Bluff, Mo., Lodge, No. 589, and this was unanimously granted.

Henry A. Guenther, of the Board of Grand Trustees, then offered a resolution of thanks and tribute to retiring Chairman A. Charles Stewart for his long and conscientious labors in behalf of the Grand Lodge, and requested that the Board of Grand Trustees be authorized to present him with a suitable testimonial as a reminder of his stewardship. This resolution was passed unanimously and with applause.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then recognized Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, who offered a resolution expressing the gratitude of the Grand Lodge to Kansas City—"The Heart of America"—to Governors Guy B. Park of Missouri, and Alfred M. Landon, of Kansas; to Mayor Bryce B. Smith, of Kansas City and H. P. McElroy, City Manager; to the local press; to Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, its Ladies Auxiliary and its Entertainment Committee. Needless to say, this resolution was adopted with acclaim as was also a special vote of thanks to A. B. Sinclair of Kansas City Lodge, and his accompanist Harry Kelly, who throughout the Convention had labored untiringly in the leading of songs and in keeping everybody in good humor.

Grand Esquire Bernard F. Dickmann then gave out final instructions regarding the parade, saying that it would get under way promptly at two o'clock that afternoon, with more than thirty bands in action, and requesting a prompt and orderly turnout.

C. W. Wallace, Secretary of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, thanked the Grand Lodge most sincerely for having decided to visit Columbus next year. He said that he was speaking for every Lodge in Ohio, and assured the delegates that every effort would be made to make the 1935 Reunion a most memorable one. He urged every Lodge within reasonable distance to bring a good sized delegation to Columbus.

This announcement was followed by an enthusiastic and unanimous vote of thanks to the Grand Exalted Ruler for his splendidly efficient conduct of the Grand Lodge session.

Dwight Roberts, E.R. of Kansas City Lodge, expressed his sincere thanks for the resolution which had been adopted a few minutes before, and assured the delegates that both the Lodge members and the Ladies Auxiliary had been delighted indeed to do what they could for the Convention.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Dean of the Fraternity, was then called upon for a few remarks. He said that he was happy indeed to be there, that he had enjoyed every moment of the crowded week,

that the Convention itself had proved to be one of the best ever, and that it thrilled him particularly to meet so many of his old friends, as well as so many members of the splendid younger element in the Order. Mr. Fanning has been attending Grand Lodge sessions for over fifty years.

Mr. Meier, on behalf of the Grand Lodge, expressed sincere appreciation for the hard work that W. H. H. Piatt had put in as General Chairman of the Kansas City Convention Committee. Grand Trustee Sholtz then offered a well worded resolution of profound thanks on behalf of the Grand Lodge to Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier for the splendidly devoted and untiring service which he had rendered the Order throughout the year. He asked that the Board of Grand Trustees be authorized to present him with a suitable testimonial in commemoration of his service. This resolution was voted unanimously and with acclaim, all the delegates rising to shout their applause for the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler.

MR. MEIER'S farewell speech was concise and very much to the point. He said that he had removed his book of memoranda from the pedestal, and closed it. The year just past, Mr. Meier went on to say, had been a very strenuous, but a very happy, one. He stated that he had not spent a single day of his time on anything but the affairs of the Order of Elks. The dust that had accumulated in his law office would be quickly removed on his return to Seattle, he said, but nothing would ever efface the memories of the many wonderful friendships he had made in the course of his term—they, he said, would grow richer with the passing years.

He thanked the Grand Lodge delegates, and through them the entire Order, for the fine cooperation and the wonderful spirit of progress they had exhibited, and said that he hoped the same spirit would prevail for his successors. At the conclusion of his address, E. H. Kilsby, of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, placed a lei around his neck as a fitting tribute.

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell presiding, the installation ceremonies for the new Grand Lodge officers were then undertaken. Henry C. Warner acted as Grand Secretary and read the list of officers, with their titles. Grand Esquire Dickmann escorted them to the dais. Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, substituted for Benn Kenyon, of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, a new member of the Grand Forum, in his absence; and D.D. James D. De Rocher, of Nashua, N. H., Lodge, No. 720, substituted for J. Levi Meader, of Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, Grand Tiler, in his absence.

Mr. Campbell administered the pledge of service to the new officers, invested them with their respective jewels of office and introduced them to the Convention. He then instructed retiring Grand Esquire Dickmann to conduct them to their respective stations, after which he declared that the Grand Lodge officers for the 1934-35 term had been duly, legally and properly installed, and surrendered the gavel of authority to Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

As the California delegation sang "Hail California," Mr. Shannon assumed the Chairmanship of the Convention and, at the conclusion of the refrain, pointed out how keenly he realized the fine example his predecessor had set for him. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, he said, was a learned, worthy and most able gentleman. He said that his heart was too full to make a speech, but that he was going home to go to work immediately—and that is what he hoped every single man present would do. Amidst thunderous applause this sincere and ringing call to action closed the Grand Lodge session for the 1933-34 term.

Happy Holiday!

(Continued from page 9)

"Well, don't yell like that! My stars! Is there anything wrong with camping?" I give her a look.

"Did you ever camp?"

"No. And I never went to Europe, either. But people do."

Well, I can see that right here is a place for plenty of diplomacy.

"Excuse me a minute, peach-petal. I think I forgot to turn off the sprinkler."

I scam before I say things. I know Beat. Argue, and she sets like concrete. Say nothing, and she may forget.

But not this time. Next evening we are all in the living room waiting for a shower to taper off. The missus is telling nursery tales to Dorabelle, I am reading the sporting page, Pooch is stretched out on the divan doing a mechanical puzzle, and Juvy is deep in a drug-store novel that even from where I sit, I can see sizzles.

All at once the missus speaks.

"The Pearsons are going to the mountains for August. Everyone seems to be going to the mountains this year."

"And stop at a summer hotel!" enters Juvy. "Can you imagine anything more awful?"

"I can't," returns Beat. "Myself, I'd rather live in a tent."

It's the word tent that catches my ear. I look around the edge of my paper. Beat is eyeing me hard.

"Well, what do you know!" I rustle the newspaper. "Lou Gehrig socks the cover right off the ball!"

It's a long shot at changing the subject. I'm hoping someone asks the details. But no.

"A tent under the stars," Pooch breaks in. "The thing is not to be scorned, Sister Ormsbee. Often have I yearned for my little desert oasis. Probably it's the Bedouin in me."

"Ha!" I laugh. "Bedouin? Whose bedouin?"

In the squad-room a fast one like that gets a big hand. But you know the home circle!

Juvy slides me a scaly glance. "Oh, Ev! You're so subtle!"

HERE the missus cuts in. "Now that you mention it, Ellsworth, I'll confess to hearing more than once the call of the Romany Road. I'm not so sure but what about me, too, there's a little gipsy."

Well, if there's any gipsy about Beat Ormsbee, then I'm a kippered herring!

I hold out the palm of my hand. "Tell my fortune!"

Beat glares. "You are going on a journey." And does that fold me up!

She goes on, "Myself, I could use a little outing, but not the usual place. Something different. A canoe-trail through the wilderness. A hut in the mountains. A tent on the beach."

Suddenly Pooch drops his puzzle and swings himself off the divan.

"A tent on the beach!" he cries. "Night—wild winds—restless waves—sobbing buoys! Wonder-woman, can you picture it?"

He begins to zoom around the room. Five minutes more and they are asking where they can borrow equipment and how soon they can start. I'm sunk.

"Can we have lobster every night?" sniffs Juvy. "If I could only get enough lobster for once!"

"Lobster!" returns the missus. "Won't we have with us New England's greatest angler in person? If he can't catch you all the lobster you can eat!"

"O-mi-gosh!" I bleat, and rush out before

I make it worse, which would be easy.

From upstairs I can hear them telephoning around trying to locate a tent and stove. Another hour, and they are all set for an early morning start.

I wait till Beat comes up to bed.

"Sugar-pie," I make one last plea. "You're not serious about this!"

"Why not?"

"But do you know anything about camping? No. Do I? No. So what?"

"So give me a big yellow moon across the water."

I can see that the time has come for one G. Everett Ormsbee to put his foot down.

"Listen, orchid, this is final! No ifs, ands or buts about it! We don't go!"

IT'S around two o'clock next afternoon when we arrive at Hammonasset Beach. Saturday campers are pouring in, most of them to stay over the Fourth, which is Tuesday. Already there is a city of several hundred tents, and more going up every minute. We pick a lot and roll in—the roadster with Pooch and Juvy, the sedan with the missus, Dorabelle, myself and all the borrowed equipment.

The day is a honey for heat. I am melting like wax on a griddle. While I am loosening straps and getting ready to heave—ho, I suddenly notice how quiet it is. I look around. Only Beat and Dorabelle are in sight.

"Where are our two love-birds?" I ask.

"Gone for a swim. Pooch found he knows the people in the next tent. They invited him and Juvy in to change."

I grunt. "Hope the thought of leaving me here to put up this tent alone doesn't spoil all their fun!"

"Oh, let them go places! It's just what we brought them here for, isn't it? I'll help you."

Well, I know the help Beat will be!

Ever raise an umbrella tent on a boiling July afternoon? It's a breather—especially when you're green at it. In one minute I'm all snarled up like a kitten in a ball of twine. Three times I tangle with the canvas and escape suffocation by the width of a gnat's wing before a neighbor takes pity and lends a hand.

Finally the agony is over. I drop down on the running-board of the car fanning myself with an old newspaper, my face a nice mahogany red and not a dry stitch on my body.

I look at Beat, who also is puffing.

"Is this a spot?" I ask. "Or is this a spot?"

"Never mind," she returns, "just give me a big yellow moon tonight."

Well, the moon comes up big and plenty and Pooch and Juvy disappear. Naturally we figure them to be off down the beach for a rosy twosome. So Beat and I and little Dorabelle drift up the boardwalk.

In one of the rustic pavilions an amateur entertainment is going on. A master of ceremonies calls for volunteers from a crowd of two or three thousand people who jam the tables and the aisles between, all talking and laughing and craning necks to see the show.

On a platform up front the performers do their stuff. There are singers, and tap dancers, and saxophone players and what not, most of whom are pretty terrible if you want my honest opinion. But it's a tough spot, what with the roar of the sea on the beach and most of the crowd paying no attention when they can't hear.

Every little while there is a pause while the master of ceremonies drums up enter-

tainers. Necks crane to see the next goat.

"Is there a crooner in the crowd?" he bawls through his megaphone.

No one offers. There is a long wait.

"Is there a crooner in the crowd?"

All at once I feel a hand on my shoulder.

"What about your imitation of Ethel Barrymore?"

I turn. Pooch! I give him a dark look.

"Man, mention it and it'll be the last round-up for you!"

"Aw, Ev! Be a sport!"

He lays a hand on my elbow.

"Cut it," I bark.

But he slides his long fins under my arms.

"Here we go," he chortles, and starts me on a flying wedge through the crowd.

I try to fight him off. The spectators turn.

All they see is a tangle of arms and legs. They laugh and clap. My face goes red. It looks like kid stuff—my holding back. The bystanders begin shoving me along. I can see I'm playing a losing game. So I give in.

Next, I am on the platform facing two thousand wise-cracking hyenas. And on the floor in front, doubled up on his haunches, Pooch with a grin a mile long across his pan and enjoying every minute of my misery. It's a spot for the ace-sleuth of Springfield's finest!

My imitation of Barrymore is something that gets a big hand at a stag along about the time the third keg is being broached. But here—in this mixed crowd of women and kids!

I'm hooked, however. So I begin. You know that throaty Barrymore voice:

Love, you funny thing,
Look what you did to me!

It isn't going over, I can see that. Down front the kids start to snicker. My face is the color of boiled lobster; the perspiration streams down. But I stick:

Love, you ridiculous emotion,
Look what you have accomplished in my case.

This is good for a real belly-laugh when I have the crowd with me. But not now. They look at each other as much as to say: "Who is this heel?" I could sink through the floor!

Love, you idiotic impulse,
Look—

HERE loud voices rise from the standees at the rear. Then there is the crack of fists and some one yells: "Fight!" Everybody starts for the ringside.

This is my cue. I pull a sneak over the rail and slide down the underpinning of the pavilion to the ground.

I'm back in the tent a full half-hour ahead of the others.

Beat is first home. She gives me a sickly eye. "You were terrible!"

I grunt. "Let's see Ponselle compete with a dog-fight."

Pooch shoves in. "A tough break, buddy. But you missed your opening. In a spot like that, turn the laugh. That's the tip-off. Turn the laugh."

"What? On those hyenas?"

"The louder they yell, the easier they tame."

"Yeah?"

"Gimme an act and I'll show you how it's done."

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"You and how many Eddie Cantors!"
Then it comes to me that through it all there has been no sign of Juvy.

"Where's the girl friend?" I ask.

"Down the beach."

"What—alone?"

"Uhn-uhn. With Spike Breen—a life guard she knows from Springfield College. Ho, hum, I'm tired. What say we turn in?"

I shoot Beat a glance. What's this? Her big yellow mating-moon broadcasting full-time—and one of the love-birds migrating?

Pooch steps out to get a drink.

"Pear-blossom," I mutter low, "if you know anyone who can play 'Moonlight and Roses,' you better tune them in. Something tells me that by morning our turtle-doves won't be speaking."

Beat tosses her head. "Bosh! Just a summer night's flirtation!"

But I can see she's worried.

Next morning the silence at breakfast is so thick you can slice it with a broom-handle, as all hands are crusty from lack of sleep, owing to Pooch's cutting a hole in the tent for his feet which let in all the mosquitoes that haven't found lodging elsewhere. We are awake and slapping when Juvy gets in, so we know it's long after twelve.

"What a moon last night!" I offer by way of opening remarks across the coffee.

Juvy looks up.

"Moon?"

"You get it. Moon. M-o-o-n. It shines."

Her eyebrows lift. "Not in Spike's tent. A crowd of us were playing rummy."

Pooch turns.

"Last time I saw you, you were headed for the beach."

Juvy shivers. "OO-oo, but I hate the beach at night when it gets damp."

Well, I think, there's moon madness for you! I look at Beat. She is very busy with the coffee percolator.

NOTHING more is said, but I have a quiet suspicion that all is not jake between our love-birds. And that afternoon I have proof.

Shortly after lunch I drop into the tent and find Pooch stretched out on a cot with paper and pencil in his hand.

"Just the man I wanted to see," he cried as I enter. "What rhymes with Asia?"

"That's one of the things I forgot when I left school. But I'll write my old teacher and find out."

"Thanks. I won't wait. Listen—

Who stands in the shadow
Of the fig tree—calling?
Asia, my beloved one,
Singer of the sad songs of silence,
Strew the petals of my being
Across the deep sands of
Thy forgetfulness—

He stops: "It isn't done yet."

"I should hope not! Can you translate it?"

"Oh, you either get it, or you don't."

"Well, I don't. And if there's anything Asia about Juvy, I never noticed it."

"It's not Juvy. It's that little spot from New Haven in the next lane. Have you seen her? The child is not unbeautiful."

I stare. Here is something hot! Pooch writing poetry to another girl—and last night Juvy out with another man! Well, the trip was Beat's idea! Throw 'em together among strangers, she said. Huh! And all this time I might have been teasing the big brown babies in the dark cool pools along the Deerfield!

That afternoon things go from bad to worse. I contract a blistering sunburn, Dora-belle gets lost and is picked up by beach police, and Beat loses a fifty-dollar gold bridge in the surf and when she tries to look for it she gets stung by a jellyfish.

Come supptime, Juvy drifts into camp and sits down on the running-board of the car, a broody look on her face. I don't need anyone to tell me she has learned about this little New Haven snugglepup who I, myself, have seen by now, and who is a smooth armful unless my eyesight is failing. Juvy notices how I am watching and grabs up her foot which she starts to rub as if that is what is troubling her.

"My shoe." She screws up her face.

"Get 'em big enough," I growl. "You know what Shakespeare says, 'Hell has no fury like a woman's corn.'"

Pooch nudges me. "Pal, stick to fingerprints and let the bards be. The password is 'woman scorned.'"

"That's not how I've always heard it. But let it lay. It goes both ways, don't it?"

He had no comeback for that.

I begin setting out the rations for supper. It's beans for the third time. Juvy gives the cans a heavy look.

"Ay tank ay go home."

Pooch starts. "Wonder-woman, you can't mean it!"

"Yeah?"

"But the sea! Don't it grip you? Don't it get into your blood! Already I'm beginning to feel like a Viking!"

Well, I say nothing. But something tells me that it's a good deal more than the salt sea that is filling Pooch with the old Viking spirit, and it has Mae West curves in a tent down the lane.

IF there's one thing more than another that will make a woman feel uncomfortable, it's being around strangers without her teeth. Beat is feeling plenty low and with Juvy ready to call quits, I can see that it needs only a word from G. Everett Ormsbee to fold up camp and head for home. But by now the Scotch in me is beginning to percolate. Is the net gain for all we've been through, I ask myself, to be no more than a good stiff sunburn for me and just a parking space in Beat's jaw for a fifty-dollar bridge? Are we to chuck it all, with Pooch and Juvy going their separate ways, and in due time another boy friend decorating the easy chairs and zooming into the kitchen just when a man wants to sit down peaceful and go over a little tackle?

I say no. But if there is to be any salvage at all I can see who it is up to. And that's one Ormsbee in person.

After supper, I take a turn on the board-walk alone to think things over. I am shuffling along head down, when I hear a voice.

"Hy, trouper!"

I turn. A thick-set man steps up. At first I don't place him. Then it comes. It's the master of ceremonies at the pavilion entertainment.

He grips my elbow. "A tough break you got last night, Buddy."

"What a flop!" I groan.

"Just over their heads. These folks down here don't get that high-brow stuff. What else can you do?"

"Not a thing."

"Sure? You act like an old stager to me. We're looking for talent for the holiday blow-out. Got any ideas? We'd like to get away from the old stuff. Give 'em something different."

"Something bizarre?"

"Huh?"

"I know. I didn't get it myself at first. But I learned. What about a minstrel show?"

"Takes too much rehearsing. Got to have something that acts itself."

"Mock trial?"

"Possible."

"Or a mock wedding?"

His jaw drops. "Sa-a-y, that's a hunch! If we could get a good comedy bride and groom!"

In a flash it comes. "I've got your groom."

"Yeah?"

"That long drink of water who rushed me up last night."

He straightens. "A natural! Will he do it?"

"Leave him to me!"

I hot-foot back to the tent.

Pooch is just shaving preparatory to going to bed. He's cool to the proposition. I prod him.

"You said get you an act, didn't you? Well—"

It isn't until I suggest the little dish from New Haven as bride that he begins to warm up. Then we go into the matter of publicity and news reel stunts. His eyes begin to flicker. We take up the details. The idea appeals more and more. By the time Juvy sidles in, he is completely ga-ga.

"Wonder-woman," he cries, "look on a bridegroom! The nuptial hour is set and Father Neptune himself will tie the knot."

Juvy slides him a meaching eye. "You were saying?"

"I'm to be married—the night of the Fourth—by the light of a ship's lantern with six mermaids for bridesmaids and a sea-elephant for best man."

"And have you told me all?"

"Why—er—"

"The lucky woman is?"

"Oh—that bit from New Haven. You know. The one with the darksome tresses I was telling you of."

Juvy's eyelids droop a hair. "But what about me?"

"You—why you wouldn't—"

"Why not?"

I stare. Is she serious? It can't be!

But it seems she is. This little New Haven trick has got under her skin. In another minute she and Pooch are off together to talk it over with the crowd in Spike Breen's tent. I grin to myself. Pooch is headed straight for the hyenas. And may I be there! After that I'll go home feeling a little easier!

When Beatrice comes in I give her the dope.

"Rot!" she fires with the funny lisp she has without her teeth. "I won't stand for it. After all, Juvy's my sister! I won't have her making herself ridiculous in public!"

"Now, now," I hasten to calm her before she throws a monkey wrench into the proceedings. "Don't be a kill-joy!"

"But what's the good of it?"

"It's bringing them together again, isn't it? I gave your big yellow mating-moon a play, and what a flop! They were going their separate ways and not much more than speaking. Now look! Just a pair of love-birds again. Leave it to G. Everett Ormsbee!"

By noon next day word of the affair is all over camp. Half the population volunteers to join the bridal party. Pooch takes full charge and casts parts like a movie director. The head life-guard agrees to be best man and the little snack from New Haven maid of honor.

"Who cares?" says Juvy, satisfied, now that the lead is hers.

The two of them go at it like a puppy at an old slipper. A half-dozen times a day they are in and out of town in Pooch's roadster, arranging for costumes and working up all the details.

Myself, I have nothing to do but sit tight and pray for fair weather for the wedding.

And what a wedding! If you saw the newsreel at your favorite theatre, you remember Pooch, the smiling bridegroom, in white jodphurs, swallow-tail coat and silk hat; Juvy, the blushing bride, in striped beach pajamas and mosquito netting; the life-guard, best man, in his red bathing suit

and heavy coat of tan; the little mite from New Haven, maid of honor, in a middy suit that doesn't lose her a single vote; and King Neptune in a white sheet, gold crown and long white beard.

About everyone in camp is on hand except Beatrice who refuses to come even though she has her bridge back when a guard picks it up on the beach at low tide. The mob packs the pavilion and stretches down the boardwalk for half a mile. What a set-up, I think, for the old raspberry! Well, Pooch asked for it!

The roar that goes up when an orchestra of boys with combs and tissue paper start the wedding march and Juvy appears! Accompanying her, all in one piece bathing suits, are the twelve bridesmaids Pooch has picked, and as far as I can see, nothing bizarre about a single one of them. The din is ear-splitting when Pooch comes in with the best man and King Neptune. Everyone has a horn or rattle or siren that is going full blast.

Once the preliminaries are over, it doesn't take long to cinch the knot. Just a two-minute affair: "Do you, Ellsworth" and "Do you, Juvy" and "I pronounce you." Then

the tornado. I never saw so much rice and confetti in my life!

And do Pooch and Juvy take it! They turn their backs. I grin. It's a tough spot. Those hyenas are a wild pack! And how I know it! But Pooch has it coming!

Then I see him turn and lift both hands. He tries to stop the storm. Bit by bit the yelling tapers off into sizzling wise-cracks. Then I hear his voice above the din.

"One minute, folks! One minute! You ain't heard nothin' yet!"

Slowly the racket dies away. The crowd is curious. Pooch waits till he has every eye.

"Folks. Get this. It's hot!"—he grabs off Neptune's beard and crown—"Meet Jim Petersen, Justice of the Peace"—he fishes a paper from his pocket—"and here's the license. Folks, the laugh's on you. This is no mock wedding. It's the honest-to-goodness thing. We're really married!"

The crowd looks dazed. They can't believe it. Myself I slump down on a bench. Married!

Pooch stands a minute, his buck teeth spread in a wide grin. Then he breaks out in a loud laugh and cracks hand on knee.

"Haw, haw, haw! Am I a bridegroom folks, or am I a bridegroom!"

A kid toots a horn and the riot is on again.

With the newsreel camera clicking every move, Pooch, Juvy hanging on his arm, starts the procession to the boardwalk. He spots me as he passes and waves.

"Did I turn it, pal? Or was that an earthquake that shocked 'em? Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd carries him along.

I hurry back to the tent to break the news to Beat. It's a blow.

"My sister!" she moans.

"But, squash-flower," I put in. "Folks have been spliced in balloons and submarines, skyscrapers and mine-pits, and lived happily. Why not at a beach party? It's the modern touch. Leave it to G. Everett Ormsbee."

"Stuff! I bet you were surprised as anyone. You should take credit!"

"But you've been taking plenty of credit ever since a guy played 'Moonlight and Roses' one June night on the Watershops!"—I light a cigarette—"Just a lucky break, orchid, that comes along to give you a lift, once you decide where you're going."

Who Made the Movies What They Are?

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themselves to the new. Answers to problems which had been solved by costly experimentation and long and earnest work were useless. Practically the entire system built up by the motion picture industry through the years had to be scrapped. A complete overhauling of method, machinery and personnel was inescapable.

That the motion picture industry was able to adapt itself to these utterly new conditions in so short a time is impressive evidence of its enterprise, energy and business methods. Some idea of what was required may be gained from the fact that the industry's new capital investment, due to sound, has approximated two hundred million dollars.

Today the industry has a capital investment of about two billion dollars, employs over half a million people, pays more than a hundred millions each year in taxes, spends seventy millions on advertising and thirty millions on insurance. It employs the products of more than 200 other industries, and in this country alone over 25,000 miles of film pass every day through the distributing agencies. And yet it is the only industry which has to sell its product according to the buying power of its respective markets. The base price of an automobile is the same everywhere in the country, but an entertainment program which has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to produce and which is sold to a first-run theatre for six, eight or ten thousand dollars, very quickly is being shown in some little small-town theatre at a rental of six, eight or ten dollars.

THE industry itself is immense, but even greater is its impact upon the people. Such a force for good or for evil must not, it would seem, go unregulated. But who is to do the regulating and to what end shall it be regulated? There is, I may say, no dearth of regulators. The screen has always been the subject of constant controversy. The motion picture business is everybody's business. Every one of the 123,000,000 people in the United States—man, woman and child—has and is entitled to have his own opinion of the movies. It is expressed at the box office. It is expressed by the daily published opinion of more than six hundred motion picture critics in the newspapers of the United States. It is expressed from the pulpit and from the platform.

It is expressed by thousands of honest people whose only purpose is to advance the art and to further the entertainment interests of the American family.

It is expressed by hundreds of representative groups whose primary desire is to make screen entertainment a great social force as well as a great entertainment medium. It is expressed by thoughtful leaders of public opinion who have helped vastly in the effort to raise public acceptance to the highest standards that the art has made possible.

It is expressed, on the other hand, by those who make a living by lectures denouncing the motion pictures; by job-seekers who would fasten themselves on federal or state payrolls through proposals for alleged federal regulation or political censorship; by trade chiselers who would gain from the confusion created by the destruction of certain standard trade practices. It is expressed by many who have failed to sell their services or their money-making schemes to the industry.

It is when we get down to the actual regulation that the trouble starts, for there is nothing even remotely resembling an agreement as to what the pictures should be. One very considerable group rejects the view that the pictures should provide entertainment. They would have them spread propaganda—as in Russia. And here again there is no agreement as to whether the present social structure of the United States or some other social system should be propagandized. Still another school vehemently asserts that the requirements of art demand that the pictures show life as it is or as the critics think it is. This always means putting the emphasis on the sordid.

At the other extreme are those who insist that every picture should be so directed as to be entirely suitable for children. As a practical matter one finds, disregarding the extremists, an area of subjects and method of treatment which, according to the rules of common decency, ought to be barred. As a matter of record, a compilation of all the criticisms shows that they concern less than twenty-five per cent. of the films exhibited.

It is impossible to say, in the absence of standards, whether these criticisms are justified or unjustified. I am not competent to judge and neither is any other individual or group. Our task is to develop standards and that is not a simple matter of someone

sitting down and writing a set of rules. The only standards that matter are the universal ones of good taste and these develop very slowly through the crystallizing of public opinion. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America have thus phrased the objective: "To establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion picture production and to develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and general usefulness of motion pictures."

IT is to be remembered that about 500 pictures a year are produced and that the quest for subjects goes on unceasingly. Good material is very scarce indeed. It has been learned through bitter experience that a best-selling novel or a record-running play does not necessarily turn into a popular motion picture. More than 75,000 books, plays and scripts are read every year in the search for suitable scenarios. Many books actually bought, and scenarios prepared, in the belief that they are screen material, have to be abandoned and the money paid for them charged off. If a producer has finally developed a subject suitable for production—and this, of course, means the spending of money—it is not human nature for him easily to give it up for some reason with which he may not agree and which is quite apart from the merit of the picture as a picture.

Therefore, in attempting to regulate to a degree what may be shown on the screen, we not only run up against the historic right of the artist to portray what inspires him but also we interfere with the right to earn a living. Hence it was not any small undertaking for the leading producers of the country to agree to regulate themselves through the medium of the Association of which I am the head. This regulation, as far as pictures are concerned, takes two major directions. The first has to do with the review and correction of the pictures from the beginning to the end, and the second has to do with the raising of the public taste. Thus, feeling our way along, we think that higher standards of good taste in pictures can be developed.

The definite steps and stages now covered by our processes of self-discipline in the

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making of pictures include the following:

(1) Consideration of registration of titles offered for pictures in order to avoid duplication, the double meaning, the suggestive or otherwise unsuitable.

(2) Preliminary surveys of the film production possibilities of plays, books or stories from the standpoint of the public commitments undertaken by the industry.

(3) Story conferences with studio executives during initial plans of production.

(4) Careful examination of scripts submitted by producing companies, in order that advice may be given as to the avoidance of objectionable or questionable elements.

(5) Scenario conferences to effect necessary changes in scripts in accordance with the standards set up in the Motion Picture Production Code.

(6) Conferences during production.

(7) Previewing of separate film sequences during progress of production.

(8) Preliminary preview of picture before it is edited into final form.

(9) Preview of finally completed picture.

(10) Notification, when necessary, to offending studios of such scenes, sequences, dialogue or action as should be deleted from the finally completed picture.

(11) Final approval of finished picture.

The record shows that during the past year 564 scripts, books or synopses for feature pictures and 293 for short subjects were reviewed within the established machinery of self-regulation; that more than 1,000 conferences to ensure production code observance were held during this period; that more than 1,500 written opinions and suggestions were thus transmitted to our studio and that a total of 548 pictures were finally reviewed and passed.

A VAST flow of constructive criticism reaches our studios through the conduits established by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. In the past year the industry has established active working contacts with more than 10,000 additional local leaders in the joint efforts to promote and consolidate the movement for public support of pictures of the better kind. Among these socially-minded volunteers are more than 6,000 teachers, 1,200 librarians, 800 clergymen, editors, leaders and directors of religious, educational and club groups. Their judgment has been unbiased, their comments formative. They have appreciated the intricacies of the problems presented. They know that many of these problems can be solved only by patient and unceasing effort, by public education in matters of taste and standards. The American public and the motion picture industry have everything to gain from every movement, church or otherwise, that works for the proper selection of motion picture entertainment.

The regulation by the Association proceeds upon three general principles which the producers have adopted by agreement. Each of these principles has numerous specific applications which it is here not necessary to set out in detail. The general principles are basic and represent what we believe should not, under any circumstances, be shown. They are:

(1) No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

(2) Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

(3) Law, natural or human, shall not

be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

The application of these principles is not an open-and-shut matter—as anyone would realize who dug into the correspondence on any picture. We are not censors with arbitrary powers, for then we might freeze the industry at some point of development—and that would be the beginning of the end. The motion picture must provide entertainment and in so doing it cannot underrate with impunity the importance of the general level of public intelligence which determines the popular acceptance or rejection of any type of motion picture.

PUBLIC intelligence has been badly underrated by the supercilious few who have stood aside and sneered at the standards of popular taste, without raising a finger to help purely artistic successes that have died in oblivion at the box office. It has been underrated by producers who have been misled by the fact that even the degrading and the vicious may command paying audiences, but who have overlooked the potential support for pictures of the better kind. Public intelligence has been underrated by those who have so little faith in the basic honesty of the public mind that they would prohibit crime plots on the screen and presumably detective stories in fiction. It has been underrated by those within our own creative ranks who have been wont to rest their artistic laurels upon double meaning in dialogue and the suggestive in action.

Public opinion will forgive the errors due to the fallibility of human judgment in applying the principles of self-regulation to the production of every motion picture that flows from our studios. It is easier—much easier—to determine public reaction to a scene, sequence or situation after than before the fact. It is clear that what may appear innocuous in the previewing room may prove offensive or worse when tested in the light of wide public response. But public opinion will not forgive the insult to public intelligence inherent in the deliberately tawdry, suggestive or banal. There can be no real excuse for the vulgarities that have sometimes marked otherwise splendidly fine film productions, except the inability of those responsible to comprehend true public taste.

The screen must supply adventure, romance, laughter and the thrill of beauty to its audience. The goal of the industry this year, as next year, must be continuously to raise the proportion of really fine, inspiring, imaginative and thrilling picture entertainment and continuously to lower the acts of commission or the rate of error by which the industry draws upon itself destructive as well as constructive criticism. The progress of the industry rests upon public interest as well as private enterprise. The greatest impetus to its growth, artistically as well as socially, is constructive criticism.

It is highly significant, in the larger movement to develop the public taste for better pictures, to note the success last year of such fine pictures as *Little Women*, *Berkely Square*, *Lady for a Day*, *The World Changes*, *Christopher Bean*, *Gallant Lady*, *The Masquerader*, *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, *The King's Vacation*, *Cradle Song*, *Only Yesterday*, *The Invisible Man*, *Morning Glory*, *When Ladies Meet*, and *Looking Forward*. Also we had a revival of good musical pictures, such as *Wonder Bar*, *The Cat and the Fiddle*, *I Am Suzanne*, *Flying Down to Rio*, *Too Much Harmony*, *Dancing Lady*, *Footlight Parade*, *Moonlight and Pretzels*, and *Blossom Time*.

And even more significant is the trend towards films based on the major and minor classics. Among the film presentations planned or projected are Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*, Kipling's *Kim*, Bulwer-Lytton's *The*

Last Days of Pompeii, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*, Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

Similarly, plans are announced for the production of historical romances based on the lives of Marie Antoinette, Pasteur, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Benvenuto Cellini and others—not to mention the film productions of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Another tendency in production is indicated by plans to put *Babes in Toyland*, *The Wizard of Oz* and similar types of imaginative comedy on the screen. Musicals, too, will have a new inning. This series will be represented by *The Merry Widow*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Stand Up and Cheer*, and *Melody in Spring*.

THE effect of a thoroughly fine picture may be changed by misrepresentation in the advertising and the public may be led to believe that something is in the picture which, in fact, is not there at all. A bad picture advertisement is not merely negative in its influence; nothing brings more immediate objection and resentment than vulgarity or suggestiveness in theatre advertising.

Consider the fact that approximately 15,000 picture advertisements are placed in the newspapers of the United States every day; that the product advertised is entertainment and not a commodity measurable by ordinary standards; the necessity of educating a constantly shifting personnel to higher advertising standards—and the problem faced by cooperative effort becomes clear enough.

Hence an Advertising Code has been adopted by the industry. The code follows closely the provisions of the Motion Picture Production Code in proscribing the vulgar, the obscene or suggestive in film advertising. Mistakes are made, of course. Vulgarity still creeps into motion picture advertising, and occasionally an advertisement appears for which no excuse whatever can be offered. But the outstanding facts are that picture advertising generally has greatly improved in character since the adoption of the Advertising Code, that every complaint of bad advertising is immediately investigated, that corrections are made, and that when warning has failed, offenders against the Advertising Code are dismissed by producers.

We think we are raising the general level of taste in motion pictures and rapidly gaining higher public standards of acceptance. For instance, many pictures which are great successes today would have been box-office failures only a few years ago. But also we know that neither self-regulation nor legislation can prevent errors of commission or omission on the motion picture screen. Such errors do occur and are bound to occur. This does not mean that public opinion will tolerate the slightest relaxation of these standards of production. The industry must and does accept the social responsibility that goes with a service of universal entertainment.

Once destroy the educational processes of self-regulation and self-government and you invite bureaucracy, ineptitude and waste to fasten their barnacles of destruction upon the industry. Without self-government and self-discipline, the competition that would ensue would be competition for the lower, not the higher, standards of entertainment—for the pictures that appeal to the baser and not the better instincts. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that degradation always commands a price.

The road of self-regulation is not an easy one. There are those who, in the guise of protecting the public, would destroy the public's right to determine for itself the things that inform, amuse or entertain. There are those willing to substitute bureaucracy

for self-government, despite the obvious failures of bureaucratic control. There are those who would place this and other industries under political dictatorship. Does a given picture displease them, though it may please a million others? Then place the screen in the straitjacket of federal censorship. Is a producer or director guilty of poor taste or poor judgment? Let a politically-appointed commission become the artistic arbiter of the screen. Has a trade dispute arisen? Forget arbitration—turn the whole business over to the control of political agencies.

Our industry is now engaged in that same

task of rehabilitation which faces nearly every other great business in the United States. Unemployment and depression have increased the public need of entertainment, but have decreased the public purchasing power for services of every kind. While the motion picture industry is now engaged in the task of cutting its coat to fit its cloth, its first consideration is improved quality.

The problem of the pictures is not merely my problem. Neither is it merely the problem of the producers. Primarily it is the problem of the public to see that its most popular recreation is not removed from the field of amusement and turned into the field

of dreary, subsidized propaganda. The task of all of us, as I see it, is to:

(1) Agree upon and enforce common bases or standards in picture production in relation to good taste and wholesomeness.

(2) Preserve the freedom of the screen properly to treat the great American themes of life.

(3) Initiate and maintain processes of public education designed to encourage attendance for the higher types of pictures—and thus pursue our purpose to raise the standard of demand, as well as to raise the standard of supply.

C. O.

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"On the day following the regiment's return you ordered it to make an additional march of eight miles—this at three in the afternoon?"

"I did."

The Colonel's answers were clipped, brief. He sat quite still with no expression, whatever, in his hard old eyes. In the next office a typewriter tapped with monotonous regularity.

"As a result of this march some twenty-five of your command were admitted to the hospital suffering from exhaustion. Is that correct?"

"Twenty-seven," Colonel Silver corrected gently. "Weaklings, Colonel. The harvest of a recruiting officer's negligence. They have no place in this regiment."

Major Linton, standing there, suddenly knew that the Colonel was not offering an excuse. He was stating a fact. Jason Silver did not make excuses.

The Inspector folded his slip of paper between thin fingers. Once he turned his head sharply to glance at his stenographer; then jerked back to the man in front of him.

"Have you any reasons to offer for the course of action which you have taken?"

HIS voice was dry, dispassionate—like the dull rustle of wind over flinty sand. If he felt emotion, no trace of it showed across the brown gullies of his face. Colonel Silver rested his elbows on the top of his desk, touched the tips of his fingers together. Once he glanced at Major Linton, standing there in the sunlight.

"A small boy may hate his oatmeal, Colonel," he said quietly. "Yet he has to eat it because it's good for him. A regiment may not like its oatmeal either." He lifted a forefinger and touched his clipped mustache. "No, Colonel, I have nothing to say."

"Very well." The Inspector picked up his cap from a chair. He buttoned his slip of paper into the pocket of his tunic with swift fingers. "I shall be forced to recommend that you be relieved of command, Colonel Silver. Good day, sir."

The door closed behind his dour shoulders.

The palms of Major Linton's hands were cold. He wished that he, too, had gone through that door—out into the room where the typewriter clacked cheerfully. The Colonel was lifting that forefinger to his lips again.

"I had expected loyalty from my regiment, Major," he was saying quietly.

Sudden anger darkened Major Linton's face. He walked forward until he stood close beside the desk where the Colonel sat. For a moment he fought to regain control of himself; then he laughed bitterly. His voice sounded strange in his own ears—as though someone else was speaking.

"Loyalty! You don't know what that

word means, Colonel Silver!"

The older man did not stir. He sat watching with a disciplined blankness in his eyes. The muffled typewriter pounded on; across the parade ground a bugler was blowing the recall from morning drill. The brassy notes rippled cheerfully in the noon sunshine.

"I have not been relieved of my command—yet, Major."

There was no threat in the Colonel's voice; just the statement of a simple fact. It was too late to go back now, the Major thought. His anger had gone, leaving him cold and emotionless. He stood stiffly at attention.

"I'm going to tell you some things, Colonel Silver," he said in a flat voice. "It's time that someone told you. Afterward you can court-martial me if you wish."

He stopped and ran his fingers through his thick, stiff hair. Behind the Colonel the regimental colors were a splash of blue against the drab wall. A puff of wind rustled them, tugged at the battle streamers on the pike heads.

"You speak of loyalty! Loyalty is something which is inspired, Colonel Silver. Loyalty isn't a pose which a man puts on and off like a coat. It is something, too, which a subordinate has the right to expect of his superior. Do you imagine that you have been loyal to us—to the regiment?"

Once the Colonel started to speak, but Linton stopped him with a harsh lift of his hand.

"Wait! I'll finish first, Colonel! For three years you have deviled and badgered this regiment beyond human understanding. Why you have done it is your own secret. Perhaps it's been to gratify some spite of your own. Perhaps it's been only the mean actions of a small man—for it takes a small man to be a bully, Colonel. Perhaps it has fattened your self-esteem to know that you can say 'go' and twelve hundred men go, and you can say 'come' and twelve hundred men come. After all, the reason isn't important. Wait! I'm going through with this sir!"

Linton's voice lifted with a ragged edge to it. The older man did not stir. Behind the brown mask of his face his eyes were calm, inscrutable. Linton could have cried out. He knew, all at once, that there was nothing that he could do, say—which would bring feeling into those hard eyes.

"No, the reason isn't important, Colonel! The thing that is important is that you're through! Through! Do you understand me, sir!"

He almost spat the words. His right hand jerked outward viciously, significantly. The Colonel watched.

"The regiment hates you, Colonel! I don't suppose that your self-satisfied conceit will permit you to realize just how bitterly this regiment hates you, but I want you to remember this! You can take this knowledge away with you! There won't be one

damned man in this outfit who won't be glad to see you go!"

Linton paused for a moment. The room was very quiet; even the typewriter had stopped. He missed it as he wiped his damp forehead with his fingers. Then he went on.

"Oh, the regiment will turn out to give you a send-off. We'll even give you a cheer, Colonel—and, when you hear it, you'll know that we're cheering because we're glad that you're going! Just remember that!"

Linton's voice was hoarse. He stopped speaking suddenly as though he had forgotten what he had meant to say next. Colonel Jason Silver had not moved. As Linton half turned away, he lifted the tip of one forefinger to his mustache.

"You may go now, Major," he said gently.

The Colonel sat for a long while staring at the bare wall over the door. Outside the band was playing for guarú mount. The music was good. He listened to it for a moment; sighed a little.

He was old—too old. His thoughts were a little bitter. He would never get another command. Well . . . it didn't matter . . . much.

He pressed one of the buttons on his desk. After a moment the Adjutant came, opening the door carefully. He stood just at the edge of the sunlight with a pad of paper in his hand.

The old man said, in his clipped, precise voice, "The regiment will take the field tomorrow for four days, Captain. Reserve rations will be carried. We will move out at four-thirty in the morning. Get out the orders."

"Yes, sir."

In the outer office the Adjutant slammed the pad onto his littered desk top. He picked up the cigarette, which he had left smoldering, and crushed it violently into an ash tray. Major Linton watched questioningly.

"A four-day march—with iron rations," the Adjutant said in a bitter voice. "We pull out at daybreak tomorrow!"

Linton whistled tunelessly between his teeth as he reached for a cigarette. He looked at the crumpled package and then put it back into his pocket again.

"At least the old devil is consistent," he said at last.

DAWN was breaking as the leading company pulled out. It went quietly with no talking, no laughing—just the steady clump-clump of hobnailed shoes and the creak of tight gun slings. Here and there a cigarette end glowed in the faint light.

They swung into the long stretch of straight, dusty road which led toward the border. They marched with shoulders hunched beneath tight pack straps and legs swinging in the steady, slogging gait which would put four miles behind them hour after hour. There was a gentle breeze, cool

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and sweet, fresh with the smell of mesquite. The Colonel stood at the side of the road and watched as the battalions went by.

No, they didn't talk. Later they would need that last ounce of energy. An iron ration hike meant four days of hell. They would march endless miles over sun-scoured desert; they would form skirmish lines, fight imaginary battles while the sweat dripped into their eyes and the dust devils danced in front of them; they would make forced marches—twenty minutes out of each hour at the double—for endless hours to take up positions by daybreak.

Drive! Drive! At dawn they would stumble out of those positions to storm forward with their bayoneted rifles a-slant across their bodies and the whistles of the noncoms piping shrilly in the sunrise. They would scrape shallow holes in the baked earth and lie there with the fingers of the sun clawing at their aching shoulders. They would drop in their tracks and sleep. Whistles would break into their uneasy dreams. They would get to their feet—stiff, cold, hungry—and move on out into the starlight.

One of Colonel Jason Silver's "Iron Ration Marches" was something to be remembered—and lived through.

THE air was hot, dead on the morning of the last day. The regiment lay on its rifles along the crest of a sloping hill. Across a thousand yards of mesquite an imaginary enemy lay in his holes. Presently the regiment would get up and trot forward. In waves it would drop to fire; rise to trot on again.

The Colonel squatted on his heels in a little depression behind the waiting skirmish line. He traced a map in the sand with a dried spear of mesquite.

"Our scouts have developed the enemy line along here, Major. He is two battalions stronger than we are. Like ourselves, he has no supporting troops within a half a day's march. What would you do?"

Major Linton was unshaven, haggard. He stared bleakly with tired eyes.

"Attack, sir."

"Details, Major. Details!"

"Two battalions in line. The third in reserve. Each assault battalion keeps a company in reserve."

The Major rubbed a shaking hand over the bristle on his cheeks. The Colonel, too, was unshaven, but somehow he always looked fresh, tireless. Grudgingly the Major knew that he, too, had had no sleep; had marched with them, mile for mile. There was a long tear in the older man's breeches through which the skin shone whitely; a raw-looking scratch marked the back of one hand.

He said evenly, "No, Major. Every problem has its own solution. That isn't the solution for this problem."

The mesquite spear made swift, stabbing marks in the sand. It lifted to point to the brushy tangle in front of them. Linton watched with tired eyes.

"There's a coulee a half a mile to our left, Major. It's deep enough to hide a battalion. The third battalion will move down that when the fire fight opens. When the assault starts we'll hit them on the flank—roll them up. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," the Major said dully. "I understand. That's a long, hard trip down that coulee, Colonel. The men are pretty tired and their canteens are almost empty."

The Colonel's voice was gentle.

"A flank attack would save the lives of half of the men of the assaulting companies, Major. No maneuver is too difficult when it will save men's lives—even in play. We will go down the coulee."

Whistles screamed along the line. Dust-powdered men got up from their holes and trotted forward. Behind the shelter of the crest a battalion moved slowly to the left with the first slanting rays of the sun tipping their helmets with gold.

RECRUIT JOE BIERWICZ had fallen behind and the battalion had gone on down the coulee without him.

He sat in the shade of a mesquite bush and mopped sullenly at his red and swollen face. His shirt was ripped across the shoulders where a steel-spiked thorn had raked him; he had thrown away his leggings and his defenseless ankles oozed dark blood.

The faint sounds of the battalion—hobnails scraping on the rocks, the crackle of breaking mesquite—died away. The sun was climbing into a sky as polished and pitiless as the brass dome of a furnace.

Recruit Joe Bierwicz was not a soldier yet. He did not understand, for example, that a soldier must keep up with his squad; that he must not allow the muzzle of his rifle to get clogged with sand and leaves; that he must go on even after his legs had become feelingless wooden pins beneath him and the desert had become a crazy blur in front of his eyes. Recruit Bierwicz did not understand these things yet.

He sat in the shade of the mesquite for a long while licking his parched lips and staring at the toes of his scuffed marching shoes. His rifle was hot to the touch; he left it where it lay and went up the coulee. Slim Watson, who was a front-rank file in the third squad, had said that there was a railroad that way.

"Tuh hell with 'em," Recruit Bierwicz mumbled bitterly. "Tuh hell with all of 'em!"

The coulee narrowed and deepened. The bottom was strewn with worn boulders, tangled with debris; on either side the walls climbed steeply to the mesquite above. The going would be easier on top, the deserter guessed. He turned and started to climb.

Recruit Bierwicz had been born in the slums of a great city and slums do not breed climbers. Twice he slipped and the crumbling granite bit cruelly at his forearms and knees. Sweat cut little furrows through the grey dust of his face. He perched on a narrow ledge and reached a dirty hand for a mesquite root; pulled.

It came away in his fingers. For the space of a heart beat he hung poised, fighting for balance, while a little rivulet of loosened dirt trickled about his feet. He tried to cry out as he leaned back . . . back . . . toppled toward the rocks forty feet below.

"Ahhhhhhh! AHHHHHHH!" His scream was a terrible thing in the pitiless heat of the morning. His left foot, wedged in a crack of the ledge, had come away. His plunging weight had snapped his ankle like a splinter of rotten wood. He hung, head down, while his clawing fingers left damp stains on the rocks.

Overhead, in the unfriendly blue of the sky, a buzzard wheeled slowly back and forth.

IT was the Colonel who found him twenty minutes later. The Colonel had found the abandoned rifle; had guessed what had happened. The scream from the coulee told him that he had found his man.

Bierwicz, half-conscious, hung a dozen feet down the gully's side—too far to be reached from the top. Jason Silver looked and then moved with swift, unhesitant action.

He stripped the sling from the deserter's rifle, knotted it to the buckle of his own belt. Swift fingers knotted one end about a mesquite stub; dropped the leather rope over the edge of the cliff. Bracing his feet

against the rocks, the Colonel went down.

A knob of granite offered a purchase; he balanced precariously and hooked the fingers of one hand into the recruit's belt. The sweat beaded Jason Silver's lean face while he worked; it soaked in dark patches through the back of his shirt. It was a Herculean task to get an arm about the other's shoulders.

Fresh pain brought the consciousness back into Joe Bierwicz's eyes. He swore—oaths dripping with foulness.

"Steady," the old man said harshly. "Get your arms over my shoulders and hang on."

The broken foot swung free; Bierwicz sagged against the Colonel's arm and the leather strap creaked with the weight. It held.

"Get hold of the strap."

The sun lashed at them viciously as they hung against the wall. The older man worked awkwardly to slip the strap end through the wounded man's belt. It was hard to do.

The Colonel heard it an instant before his eyes picked out the wrist-thick coils of dirty brown.

Recruit Joe Bierwicz saw, too, and his ugly face grayed beneath its dirty mask. The rattlesnake lay, looped like a deadly spring on a rocky shelf; its flat head was a scant yard from the two men and on a level with their own.

"Oh, God! Take it away! Take it away!"

For a split second the Colonel looked. He was safe. The limp body of Private Joe Bierwicz protected him from the attack which was about to come.

It took nerve, cold nerve, to do it!

In that split second the Colonel saw the dumb, pleading fear in the other's eyes. He saw Joe Bierwicz, deserter and the rankest recruit in the regiment, asking his Colonel for help.

Well, a man must care for his own.

The flat head darted forward as he swung himself out to cover the wounded man. He struck once, a sweeping blow with the open palm of his hand, and the snake fell in a dirty, squirming coil—but not before twin fangs had buried themselves twice in Jason Silver's forearm.

Afterwards he could never remember clearly the ten minutes which passed after that.

Jason Silver sat with his back against a rock. Joe Bierwicz's face was grey with pain, but he made no sound; there was a puzzled light in his eyes. He tied the tourniquet, above the spot where the Colonel's fingers pressed, with clumsy haste; twisted it with a stub of sun-baked mesquite.

"Tighter," the Colonel said between thin lips. "Good. Now get me the knife out of my pocket."

The recruit lay back on the sand and watched with dull, puzzled eyes; in front of him his left foot was twisted at an unnatural angle. The Colonel's fingers were steady as he picked up the knife and rested his swollen, discolored arm across his knees. He slashed twice; bent his lips to the wound. After a while he spat.

Bierwicz said thickly. "There's plenty of 'em god-damn' yuh in the barracks that wouldn't have done it for a stinkin' recruit, sir."

Jason Silver lifted his head wearily. He felt very old, very tired, very sick. After a moment he lifted his good hand and touched his forefinger to his mustache.

"Son," he said, "you're part of my outfit and I take care of my own, I reckon."

Flies droned about the two men in the heat. Joe Bierwicz stared with slow understanding beginning to kindle in his feverish eyes. In that instant he was Recruit Bierwicz no longer; he had become Private Joe Bierwicz—a soldier.

(Continued on page 46)

Power Brakes

and many costly-car advancements bring swift success

to these *New "year-ahead"*

STUDEBAKERS

STUDEBAKER has crowded value upon value into these brilliant, new, "year-ahead" cars . . . and the public has been quick to discover it!

These new "year-ahead" triumphs of Studebaker workmanship and performance are already selling in enormous volume to thousands unwilling to wait a year, or until the end of the year, when they can have Studebaker distinction now.

These extremely low priced, "year-ahead" Studebakers are the world's

only cars listing under \$1,000 that provide the super-safety and instant, toe-tip action of Bendix Vacuum Controlled Power Brakes, featured by very costly cars.

They offer a new interpretation of Studebaker's skyway style, with exceptionally roomy bodies that are built like battleships—of seamless steel reinforced by steel.

They provide "year-ahead" luxuriousness—and "year-ahead" riding comfort with Studebaker Quadri-

poise Suspension scientifically and smoothly cradling the action of all four wheels.

And when it comes to price just bear in mind that these finest of all the fine Studebakers are \$145 to \$620 under the low Studebaker prices of a year ago. Dictator, \$695; Commander, \$890; President, \$1170.

Base prices at factory. Bumpers, special equipment extra

LISTEN TO RICHARD HIMBER AND HIS STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH JOEY NASH. Every Monday—N. B. C. Red Chain. Every Tuesday—Columbia Chain.

\$695
and up, at the
factory



FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

(Continued from page 45)

"You're . . . a . . . white man . . . sir . . . I guess . . . I'm proud . . . to . . . have a C. O. . . like . . . you . . ."

His head dropped back onto the sand as unconsciousness blotted out the scarlet waves of pain. Jason Silver sat quite still, staring ahead with unseeing eyes.

It was an hour later when they found them. Whistles shrilled; a first-aid man came, running awkward through the brush with the pouches at his hips bobbing up and down. They lifted the two of them with gentle hands.

TWO of the hospital orderlies talked, their voices incautiously raised.

The red-headed one said, "Down at th' canteen I hear that th' regiment's gonna give th' Old Man a send-off today."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Gonna be *some* send-off—th' way I get it."

The Colonel, sitting on the shady side of the veranda with a blanket over his knees, heard and smiled a little bitterly as he fingered the papers in his hands.

Some send-off!

He remembered what Major Linton had said there in his office a fortnight ago. "Oh, we'll give you a send-off all right . . . a cheer even . . . and you'll know that there isn't one damned man who'll be sorry to see you go. . . ." He lifted his hand to his mustache—opened the papers again.

His orders. Colonel Landon had been as good as his word. They had relieved him of command of the regiment; ordered him home to await retirement. He sighed gently.

The afternoon was wearing on. Along the road the poplars threw shadows on the grass; little dust devils careened across the deserted rifle range. It was quiet. A mustard-colored car stopped slowly in front of the steps.

It was Major Linton who was coming; he stopped in front of the chair where the Colonel sat. Somehow his manner was oddly embarrassed—like that of a small boy in the presence of strangers. The Colonel wondered a little.

Major Linton said diffidently, "Good afternoon, sir. You're looking better."

Jason Silver nodded. He had not changed, Linton noted. His face was as lean, hawk-like as ever; his eyes were calm, steady, emotionless.

"Sit down, Major. You are in command of the regiment now. It is a good regiment. I congratulate you."

No, there was no change. The Colonel's voice was still clipped, harsh—the voice of a soldier. Somehow Linton was glad; unsurprised. He had known that Jason Silver would not whimper. He fumbled with his cap.

"Colonel," he said at last. "I want to apologize. I didn't understand—we didn't understand . . . things. We do . . . now."

Suddenly the Colonel smiled and, as he saw the older man's eyes, Linton wondered that he had ever been so blind. There was vast understanding there—an understanding which was too fine, too unselfish to cherish malice or bear ill will.

Linton knew then that the man they had damned was greater than they could ever be.

"Major," Jason Silver was asking slowly, "do you know what it means to hold the lives of three thousand men in your fingers? To know that you have to send them out to die without a chance?"

He stopped for a moment and stared at the empty parade ground. The shadows were growing longer as they crept across the dusty road which led from the barracks.

"It's a terrible thing." He was speaking half to himself. "They came to me up in the Argonne. They couldn't march. They had no discipline. When they were tired they would straggle off into the bushes and go to sleep. They were soft, untrained . . . defenseless, Major . . . and many of them died. Some *Colonel* killed them . . . some *Colonel* . . . who didn't care."

A faint breeze had sprung up; it carried the faint *slap-thud* of marching feet. For a moment the Colonel lifted his head and listened. There was a curious expression on his gaunt face—an expression like that of a play-starved child who hears a circus parade go by.

"I have loved my regiment," he went on gently after a while, and the Major knew that it was so. "It could march into battle tomorrow because it's hard, efficient, trained. It could come *out* of battle . . . whole. Perhaps you understand better . . . now."

Major Linton's eyes were very bright—a trifle moist.

He said, "I understand, sir."

A quarter of a mile away, in the sun where the barracks squatted, a brown column of men was swinging into the dusty road. Four abreast, they marched in the shade of the poplars, with their arms swinging and their heads held high. Above them the battle streamers, at the pike heads of the Colors, snapped in the breeze. It was the regiment.

The Colonel saw them; watched with a

dull pain clawing at his heart. It was *his* regiment. No man would ever have a better one.

They were turning, swinging into line, forming solidly in front of the steps which led to the veranda. They were looking at him with hard, brown faces. It was a sea of faces . . . all looking.

The Major said huskily, "Will you come to the edge of the steps, sir?"

He got to his feet wearily. Well, he had been a soldier for thirty years; he could take *this* like a soldier. He lifted his head. Rank on rank they were watching. It seemed to him that their eyes were bright and accusing.

He walked forward with Major Linton at his elbow. The Major was speaking again. His words were dull and blurred somehow.

" . . . wanted to be the first to tell you, sir . . . orders have been revoked . . . you still command the regiment. . . ."

Major Linton was lifting his hand. Now his voice was singing out loud and clear.

"Men! Our C. O.!"

A murmur was growing like the sound of distant surf; it deepened swiftly—thundered up, wave on wave, from twelve hundred tough throats. Hard men, whom he had driven through the night and the rain—through the blazing dust of the afternoons and the clammy damp of daybreak—men who had cursed him through cracked, parched lips—stood with tears in their eyes while the mad, triumphant acclaim swirled upward in the sunset.

And then he understood. It was for *him*! They were cheering *him*—cheering because they loved him with the same fierce love which he bore for them.

He lifted his head and smiled.

So the regiment went back down the dusty road between the poplars with its Colonel at its head. It marched proudly with a joyous swing and the *slap-thud* of twelve hundred feet pounding down together and it looked neither to the right nor the left as it went. And, by the barracks, the men of the lesser regiments stood and wondered.

The regiment sang as it marched, for its heart was very full, and the colonels of the lesser regiments, hearing the song, sighed and wished that *their* regiments might sing like that.

"Hail, hail the gang's all *here*!

What the hell do we care!

What the hell do we care!"

They had forgotten that a regiment is like a woman—it must either love or hate.

What It Takes to Come Through

(Continued from page 27)

to play. His test had arrived.

He started out his last round on that sunshiny afternoon in Chicago and clicked off the first three holes in three strokes under par. The excitement of the gallery was growing high pitched. The very atmosphere was electric with its tenseness. Here was the coming champion. It was too much for Goodman. He blew up like a toy balloon. On the last four holes of that outgoing nine, he was five strokes over par and his cause appeared lost. He didn't have the guts, it seemed.

It was with heavy hearts that the Goodman supporters watched their idol step up to the tenth tee. Fate had turned its back, ironically enough, on the Omaha amateur. The tenth is a short hole, surrounded by yawning pits and traps. Goodman waggled his clubhead and then swung with the rhythmic motion of a machine. There was a sharp click and the ball rose through the air in a perfect arc. For a split second the

drive looked too long but the ball dropped firmly and safely on the green.

Johnny needed only two putts for a par. A less hardy person might not have tempted fate after such a series of reverses by playing other than safe—one approach putt and then a short one in. He knelt down, lined up the hole carefully and rammed the ball in for a birdie two. He slammed out pars on the next three holes, bagged a birdie on the fourteenth, blasted beautifully out of a discouraging bunker on the sixteenth and fired in a long putt for a birdie.

And so Goodman won the championship, beating par, beating adversity and beating himself. That is courage—"guts" if you prefer the word.

THIS intestinal fortitude is not only an individual characteristic. It may also apply to teams.

One of sport's most glamorous examples was the Boston Braves of 1914. There is an

His grip tightens on his clubs. His swing becomes forced and uncertain. And his once straight drives down the fairway go kiting off into the woods. A curling putt that was a cinch earlier in the day becomes a labyrinthine maze that cannot be solved. His fortitude deserts him and he fails.

Johnny Goodman was the unknown youngster a few years back who defeated the invincible Bobby Jones right at the start of the National Amateur. Johnny couldn't stand the adulation of the crowd. He himself was eliminated in the next round. He was dismissed from the public mind almost instantly. Just one of those nine-day wonders, they said. No one would ever hear from him again. But Goodman kept improving his golf game. And he was smart enough to bolster up his confidence and gain control of himself. Goodman went into the national open a year ago, suddenly hit a scoring streak and found himself six strokes ahead of the field with eighteen holes left

old baseball proverb that the major league teams that are in first place on the Fourth of July will be the two world series competitors. On the Fourth of July the Braves were reposing calmly but not contentedly in the National League cellar—in last place. They had no direction in which to move except up. So up they went. In fact they went up like a skyrocket, whistling to the top and to the National League Championship. Not a fig was given for their world series chances against Connie Mack's agile Athletics. The Braves polished them off without further ado in four straight games.

That was one of baseball's miracle teams. But for my money I'll take the Giants of last year. Manager Bill Terry was asked for his opinion of his team's chances before the 1933 season started. He said very bravely and very optimistically that he would end up in the first division. The baseball writers tried to be consoling. It was probably too much California sunshine. Terry undoubtedly had a touch of sunstroke when he made such a remark. But he was a swell fellow in his lucid moments, was a great baritone to have around for a quartet and was evidently just trying to cheer up Charlie Stoneham, the owner of the Club, and the other fellows in the front office back in New York.

LIKE those advertisements that start off, "They laughed when I sat down at the piano—" the spectators laughed when the Giants climbed into first place after the season was under way. It was a good joke, all right, and the crowds stayed away from the Polo Grounds in great numbers. After all, there was no sense in paying money to see a joke. May as well wait until the Yankees were in town and see a real team. Why waste the money on the Giants?

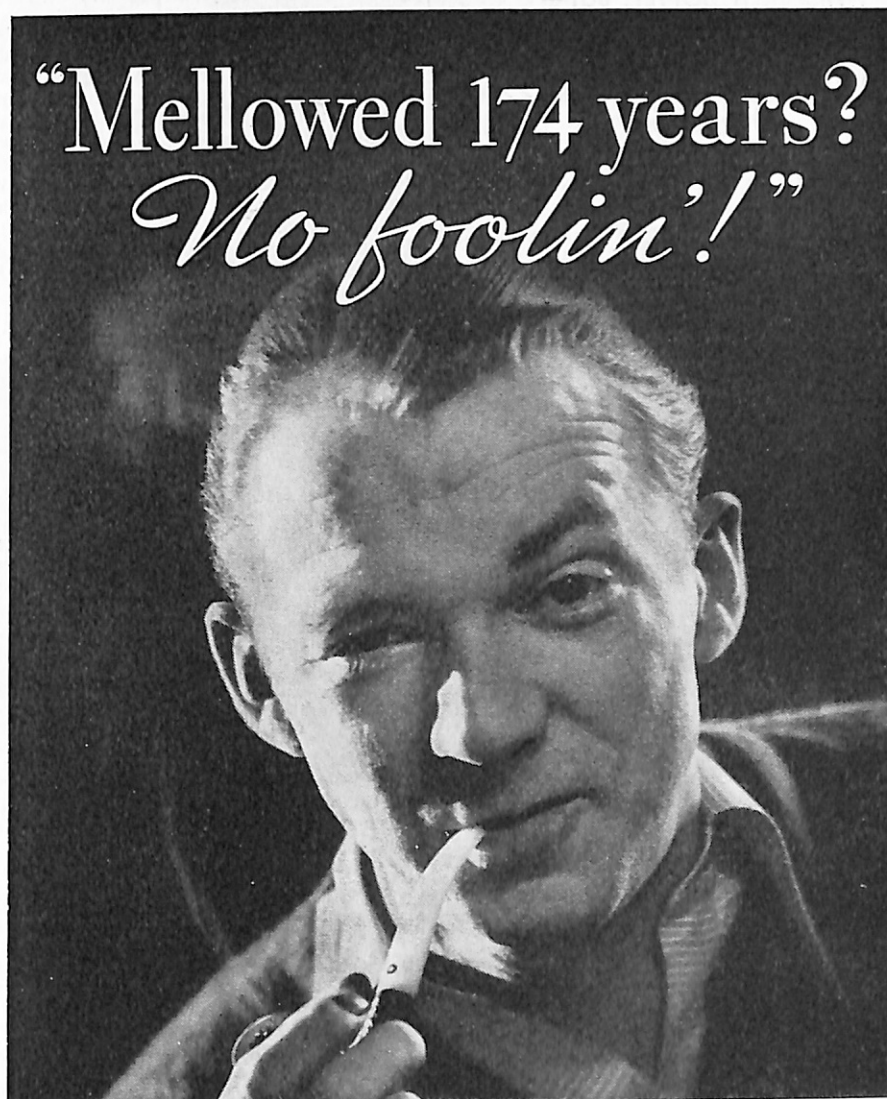
It was not until almost September that the baseball fans began to open their eyes. The Giants were still in first place and the crowds began storming the Polo Grounds turnstiles. They watched the team in practice and began to wonder how their favorites ever stayed at the head of the parade. But once one of the talented Giant pitchers stepped out on the mound the answer was quite clear. And the fans kept coming back again and again. A winner always gets enthusiastic backers, human nature being what it is.

Down the home stretch came the teams. The Braves were clicking on all cylinders and would check the presumptuous Giants. The New Yorks knocked them off with great dispatch. They went on to Pittsburgh, Chicago and St. Louis and in each city the varying baseball fortune had boosted each town into a chance at the pennant. And then the Giants took each of them to the cleaners in turn, went into the World Series, and continued their amazing baseball feats by walloping the Senators for the title.

Courage? Unquestionably. Blondy Ryan had set the tempo in mid-season when he sent a telegram to his faltering teammates in the Mid-west. It will live always as one of baseball's prize epigrams. It read, "They can't beat us." How could they with that spirit?

It was that same spirit that gave Columbia its Rose Bowl football victory at the start of the year. This, please remember, was the grand finale to one of the weirdest grid-iron seasons in history. The crowned heads made grand targets. The lesser lights kept beating the favored teams from start to finish. It was done so consistently that there was a temptation to peek behind the scene and see whether it was done with mirrors. The victims were so unruly and intractable that it was just as though the Christians turned around and ate up the lions.

(Continued on page 48)



LEE TRACY . . . noted Paramount movie star

WE'RE *not* fooling, Mr. Tracy. The Kentucky Burley in Union Leader hasn't been aged 174 years . . . but there are 174 years of experience back of it. You see, the Lorillard folks have been selecting, curing and blending tobaccos since 1760.

They've learned what it takes to produce a truly fine pipe blend. That explains why Union Leader is so mild and smooth and appealing to your taste. And why you get such a generous tin for only 10¢. (In cigarettes, too . . . it's delightful!)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



WHISPER IT SOFTLY, BUT—

The lovely Miss X of Park Avenue has..



IT'S POLITELY CALLED
ATHLETE'S FOOT



You'd never suspect by looking at her, how uncomfortable she is, how utterly ashamed at the very thought of having Athlete's Foot.

Her shame, however, would soon give way to repulsion—if she could only see her condition as the microscope reveals it.

For at work in the flesh between her toes there are billions of unclean fungi—digging and boring away, giving off musty, seeping moisture.

Get out of the glass house

Folks who live in glass houses should never throw stones.

Before privately indicting your neighbor, examine the skin between your own toes. Does it itch? Does the skin look red, angry? Or white with stickiness? Blisters? Peeling, cracking, sore?

Apply this inexpensive treatment

Any one of these distress signals calls for the prompt application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night. How cooling, soothing and easing it feels to the irritated skin! How quick the relief, as its antiseptic and healing benefits accomplish their work! And how economical! A small quantity gets results because Absorbine Jr. is concentrated, and the cost is only a fraction of a cent per application.

Insist upon Absorbine Jr. by name to be sure of getting the real article when you buy. All drug stores, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, SUNBURN

(Continued from page 47)

When Columbia received the invitation to meet Stanford the howls of pain and anguish reached up to high heaven and spread out from the famous rock-bound coasts of Maine to the equally famous sun-kissed shores of California. The Easterners would be just so much duck-soup for those ferocious, carnivorous Cardinals from Stanford. That is what everyone said. Of course Lou Little was a great coach and a grand fellow. But, after all, he was no Houdini. He could not turn his troupe of midgets into giants with a mere wave of his magic wand.

I know of one mournful versifier, meditating on the past glories of two of Columbia's former gridiron heroes and the bleak prospects of the Rose Bowl game, who penned the words:

*"Shades of Koppisch! Shades of Hewitt!
"How in hell will them Lions do it?"*

"Them Lions" did it because they had the will to win. They had fight and spirit and courage. It was no ordinary game to them. It was a sacred mission. They were Gallahads in quest of the Holy Grail. As such they knew no fear. They went out on that rain-soaked gridiron at Pasadena, played the vaunted Stanford team off its feet right from the start, swept down the field for a touchdown and then protected that lead with a couple of goal-line stands that were masterpieces of defensive skill and of courage under fire.

It all boils down to the same thing—the one quality that makes champions of all degrees and descriptions brothers under the skin—sheer guts.

GENE TUNNEY had it when he climbed off the floor during that unforgettable seventh round in Chicago when Jack Dempsey's dynamite punches had him all but knocked out. Everyone knows about the champion "climbing on his bicycle" and backing away from the Manassa Mauler. But it was in that same round that Tunney clinched his victory.

Gene had just sampled the Dempsey punch. But he risked taking another one. Suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks and slammed a very surprised Mr. Dempsey with a right cross to the jaw that sent him reeling to the canvas. When I saw that blow land I knew that the fight was over. The old man-killer never delivered a solid shot again.

To my mind, however, it was another battle, a losing one, that had set the seal of pluck on Tunney. He was just a light heavyweight at the time, a green youngster pitted against that formidable and experienced fighting freak, Harry Greb.

Greb cut him to ribbons, turned his face into a raw, red pulp and closed both his eyes. They had to lead Tunney into the dressing room afterwards. He couldn't see. They stretched him out on the table and swabbed away the blood. But through his torn and bruised lips Tunney muttered, "Get me another match with Greb. I'll lick him next time." They fought several times after that and Greb never beat him again.

DAN MCKETRICK is a prize-fight manager of the old school. He used to handle Frank Moran, one of the many white hopes seeking to take the heavyweight championship away from coal-black Jack Johnson and restore the title to the white race. McKetrick cornered Johnson in Paris after chasing him halfway around the globe and got him to sign the papers for a Johnson-Moran fight. Mingled with his elation at the signing, however, was an anxiety that the big Negro would do something crazy beforehand and ruin the match. We were sitting in Jimmy Johnston's office in Madison

Square Garden the other day when Dan revealed the whole, sad story.

"Well, I had Johnson signed but I did not have him in the ring with Moran yet. So I stayed on in Paris and kept an eye on him. I didn't want to take any chances with that shrewd fellow. I nearly swooned one night when I discovered that he had booked a fight in Germany with some unknown.

"Johnson needed some ready cash. So he agreed to take \$400 for a ten-round match with another big dinge—a bout for the heavyweight championship of the world and even the promoters didn't know it was a championship fight.

"I wasn't going to let Johnson escape from me. I had to watch my investment. So I went to Germany with him and swung a towel in his corner. Jack was winning in a walk when, in the sixth round, he broke his left arm.

"Do you think he would quit? No, sirree. He stayed in there for four more rounds, feinting with his left, even catching an occasional punch on it and he barely won. He passed out from the pain in the dressing room afterwards. Don't ever let anyone say that Johnson didn't have guts. Yes, he fought Moran for me later, all right. Sure, he just about murdered him."

TURN aside for a moment from this spectacle of "Nature in the raw." As the advertisements say, it is never mild. Look, instead, at another species of courage, perhaps one of the sternest tests that there is of nerve and nerves.

Trapshooters cannot afford to waver even an infinitesimal fraction of an inch from the true line of the target. As difficult as it is in ordinary circumstances, it is even more severe a struggle when the mental pressure becomes greater.

The Grand American Handicap is the ever-beckoning goal of top-notch trapshooters the country over. Seventeen-year-old Ned Lilly had posted a score of 98 out of 100 last year to take the lead for high gun when Walter Beaver was only partially through with his marksmanship. This left Beaver with practically no room for mistakes. He had to hit 24 out of 25 to gain a tie for top honors. And he did.

So they had a shoot-off for the championship—a test of steady hands, steady eyes and steady nerves. Lilly hit 24 out of 25. So once again Beaver was confronted with the task of smashing all but one for a deadlock. Victory could only be attained by a perfect score. And every target hit just served to pile on the burden of strain on each succeeding shot. It meant courage to the ultimate degree. Yet Beaver made that perfect score to win.

LET us jump back from this to another exhibition of physical courage—to a tale of flaming fortitude and to one of the idols of that group of sports followers which uses tones of reverence when it says of a man, "He can take it."

Joie Ray had been America's greatest miler but by 1928 he had reached the twilight of his career. Speed had departed from the old legs. But whatever faults he may have, Joie can never be accused of lacking patriotism. He wanted to win an Olympic championship for his avuncular love, Uncle Sam. As I said before, speed had departed from the old legs. "But," said Joie to himself, "the old heart is still pumping away and that's all I need. I'm going to be a marathoner."

And so he became a marathon runner. He made his debut in the classic Boston grind, one of the Olympic tryouts that year. He arrived for the start at Hopkinton with running trunks and shirt, a pair of flat-soled shoes, and most important of all, that

great big heart of his. It was said that he would never even finish. It was too long a race—26 miles, 385 yards—and it was too tough a course. That route from Hopkinton to Boston has more ups and downs than a roller coaster. It is just one hill after another, a tortuous climb and then a too rapid descent that hammers at muscles in the back of the legs.

There was a cold, dismal rain sifting down before the race started. The drizzle stopped just before the field was sent away but a blustery wind blew beneath a bleak, cloudy sky. And winding over that same route that William Dawes and Paul Revere had traversed in their epic ride many years before, trudged the once great miler, Joie Ray. He did not look like the famous Kankakee Kid, the Chesty Joie of other seasons as he plodded along. His face was taut and drawn. He smiled wanly as he received tremendous ovations from the 500,000 who lined the course. Ten miles from the finish every stride sent thrusts of pain darting up those legs of his.

He could drop out at any time now and not lose his prestige. But Joie Ray never quits. The agony was growing almost unbearable as he moved into the streets of Boston. His feet were blistered and lacerated from the terrific pounding. The muscles in his legs were shot to pieces. But his heart was still there. On he came.

He couldn't win now. Clarence DeMar and Jimmy Henigan had the first two places clinched. But Joie was going to finish, even if it were only in third place. He just about made it. They had to cut the shoes off him afterwards, those blood-soaked shoes that were in themselves mute testimony of the torment he had undergone and the courage he had. His feet were just two pulps of flesh. They carried him into the dressing room and let the gallant little man rest. The reporters asked him what he had to say. The fire returned to his eyes. Joie sat up.

"What have I got to say?" he exploded, "I'll win the Long Beach marathon next month."

He did too. Furthermore, he unreeled the fastest time that had ever been recorded for a marathon up to that date. Joie made his unwilling flesh obey his flaming, unconquerable spirit.

Oh, but that is hard to do, to whip into submission one's weak flesh. Every instinct whispers "Take it easy," "What difference if you quit?" "Don't be a fool punishing yourself." But imbedded in the heart and infiltrated in the blood of the true man of courage is that unshakable will to win. No obstacle is insurmountable, no punishment unbearable, no sacrifice too great and no odds invincible.

GLANCE at that buoyant courage that brought England victory in the Davis Cup matches last summer. The papers had been full of the news that the British had gained the right to face France. But the unbelievers made certain to look twice that hot July afternoon when the contestants strode out on the baked clay courts in the Stade Roland Garros.

Sure enough, they had to believe their eyes. That was the English team, all right. It could not have been a mistake at that. There was rangy Fred Perry and wiry Bunny Austin. The Frenchmen snickered and sighed relief. Lucky thing for them that it was only the English and not the Americans out there. Just wait until Cochet got going on them. The slaughter would be simply awful. Funny thing, though, that the thing had not worked out as planned. The set-up, you see, was this:

Australia was to beat England in the European Zone final. The United States

(Continued on page 50)

The genuine bears this seal



America's fastest-selling straight Whiskey



M-m-m! I certainly wish we could afford to serve a good straight bourbon like this!



Don't be silly! You'd be surprised how reasonable this Crab Orchard is.



Seems like everybody's buying Crab Orchard. It's our biggest seller—a quality whiskey at a sensible price.



Crab Orchard is made the time-honored Kentucky way—not artificially aged. Bottled from the barrel—it's a genuine Bourbon and nothing else! Fine flavor, high quality has made it America's fastest-selling straight whiskey—which explains why it can be priced so low! Accept no substitutes!

Crab Orchard

Produced by the same distillers:

OLD GRAND DAD
OLD TAYLOR
OLD McBRAYER
OLD CROW
SUNNY BROOK
HILL and HILL
MOUNT VERNON
MARYLAND RYE
OLD OVERHOLT
PENNSYLVANIA RYE
HERMITAGE

STRAIGHT
KENTUCKY WHISKEY

A PRODUCT OF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Straight as a string





His Late Majesty, King William IV

*"We give you
the King!"*

If, like most people, you find that King William agrees with you, why not stand by this fine old Scotch whisky and have no regrets next day. The years have mellowed King William and made it royal good company. Every case is delivered from an U. S. Customs bonded warehouse. Sole U.S. Distributor, Bluebell Importing Corporation, Graybar Building, New York.

KING WILLIAM IV



SCOTCH WHISKY

JOHN GILLON & CO., LTD.
Established 1817

GLASGOW and LONDON

By Appointment to His Late Majesty,
King William IV

(Continued from page 49)

was to bowl over Australia in the inter-zone final and then go on to Paris and blast the Frenchmen off the courts in the challenge round.

That was the theory of it. In practice, however, it worked out a bit differently. The English upset the Australians and braced themselves for the fiery assault of the American team.

Ellsworth Vines took the court against little Austin, the Briton looking smaller than ever in his shorts. It was the old David and Goliath motif again. And David took Goliath into camp. He did it in straight sets, 6-1, 6-1, 6-4. And that first match just about clinched things. But for good measure Perry vanquished Wilmer Allison. The damage was done already. The English completed the job to the total astonishment of everyone (including the experts) and thus it was that the Britons, instead of the Americans, were in the Stade Roland Garros that bright July afternoon.

Perry was meeting Henri Cochet, that agile and crafty veteran and in his day the greatest player in the world. This was not his day. He won the first set from the stalwart, black-haired Perry, 10 to 8, and then, as their titanic struggle continued, dropped the next two at 6-4 and 8-6 before tying the count with a fourth set victory at 6-3.

The Davis Cup itself teetered in the balance at this point. Whether the historic trophy would fall into the possession of France or England depended on that final chapter. Back and forth the white ball darted. From side to side and from corner to corner. The rabidly partisan Frenchmen in the stands were on tenterhooks. Human flesh could hardly stand any more, so terrific was the pace of that duel and so enervating was the fierce heat of the sun.

Perry was playing on guts alone. He had little else to offer in rebuttal to the methodical precision of his French rival. But he was winning, winning, winning. Through his mind that refrain was racing. Then he had won. Weariedly he accepted the handshake of Cochet as delighted team-mates led him to the dressing room. There he collapsed in a heap on the floor. Fatigue had caught up with him, but not until he had gained for England that all-important victory.

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Lord Nelson. Perry did his before he fainted dead away. With that triumph as its inspiration the British could not be beaten. They won the Davis Cup.

FROM the burning heat of Paris in July to the sub-zero weather of Lake Placid in February is a rapid and violent change. But the pursuit of courage spans the gap. Wintry winds send eddies of snow whirling along the serpentine river of ice that cuts a white, straggling gash across the face of the wooded side of Mount Van Hoevenberg. It is the Olympic bob run where men risk death and injury in their insatiable quest for speed and thrills.

It is an awesome sight, that bob run. When a spectator can get shivers of apprehension darting up and down his spine just looking at the slide itself, one can appreciate the sensations experienced from watching these steel thunderbolts flashing down the chute at racing speed.

This mile-and-a-half culvert of glare ice twists its tortuous way through twenty-six curves of assorted sizes and shapes. Most famous and perilous of these are Zig-Zag, Shady Corner and Whiteface. They are ever ready to take the 500-pound sleds of steel and turn them into broken vehicles of destruction. It is no wonder then that the spectator gasps in trepidation at the very sight of the hazardous course. Zig-Zag, as its name might imply, is S shaped—two

curving walls of ice that whip a sled first to the left and then to the right as it comes careening in at 70 miles an hour.

During the Winter Olympics in 1932 Captain Werner Zahn of the German Olympic team went hurtling over Zag. His sled, still bearing its burden of four riders, sailed through the air 50 feet and then tumbled 110 feet down the mountainside, crashing through brambles and underbrush before finally coming to a halt against a rock. By a miracle, no one was killed, although all four riders went to the hospital with broken bones.

Shady Corner is a mild-sounding, refreshing name, but it is a wicked hairpin turn. One might think that a 28-foot wall of ice, which slopes up to the vertical, would be ample safeguard against accidents. But when a sled comes rocketing into it at terrific speed, it climbs to the upper edge of the curve and clings there all the way around.

That is, unless it does not stop at the top but goes on over. Such was the fate of Captain Fritz Grau, another German driver, that same year. His sled leaped over that tremendously high wall and plunged down 85 feet into a man-made ravine. Again, *mirabile dictu*, no one was killed. Just more broken bones.

Whiteface is much like Shady Corner. It, too, is a hairpin curve but its wall of ice is 35 feet high, a little extra protection. No one has gone over it yet.

Bobsledding is no sport for the weak of heart or the weak of knees. On racing days there is always an ambulance waiting at the bottom of the chute—a grim reminder of the risks attached to this most thrilling of all diversions. At the top of the run the four riders always shake hands very solemnly before each trip. They may never meet again in this world.

EVERY man on the sled has his duties to perform but it is on the driver that the chief burden falls. Stretching down the run from start to finish is an imaginary line. It is the line of safety. The pilot must hew to it all the way or else he might find himself bouncing off the tree-tops. The margin of safety, however, is much too slim. If the crew on the sled bobs (a backward and forward jerking motion of the body that gives additional impetus) in anything but perfect unison the sled might be thrown into a skid. And a skid is one thing that cannot be controlled.

These iron-nerved men are always racing against time. Human opponents can be beaten by manoeuvring and generalship. But Father Time is an implacable and relentless foe.

King-pin drivers of the hill are the Stevens brothers, the best and the most daring of them all. Hubert Stevens piloted a sled to an Olympic Championship in 1932 and Curtis Stevens was his brake.

But this particular day they were rival drivers. Hubert had just thundered down the course for a new record of 1:46. Curtis met him at the bottom and grinned.

"Lucky stiff," he said, "I can beat that." So down he came in whirlwind fashion in 1:45.23. (They have to time them in hundredths of a second with an electrical device. They go too fast for human clocks). Curtis had wrested the record away from Hubert.

Hubert was crestfallen for a moment. Then his grey eyes flashed.

"I'll break that one right now," he drawled.

"Bet you a round of ale you don't," taunted Curtis.

At the top of the hill Hubert's crew was applying blow torches to the steel runners of the sled. It makes them go faster. Don Cameron was tying up the brakes. There would be no slowing down for the curves

this trip. At the bottom of the hill Curtis was feeling a little uncomfortable. Record attempts are risky business. Suppose Hubert took one chance too many and was killed or even injured. He knew that his brother had the courage. In fact that was what made him afraid. Hubert had a little too much of it.

Suddenly the amplifying system that stretches the length of the course crackled and started to work. "Clear the slide. Clear the slide," it commanded. "Record attempt. Hubert Stevens driving. Get ready. To the mark. They're off."

Then at every station along this river of ice the perilous passage of the sled is picked up and broadcast. Fractional times are announced at each curve. And the dyed-in-the-wool bobsledding fan knows the significance of each fraction. No matter where he stands, he can "see" the entire race. Hubert's sled whisked through the towering Whiteface turn in faster figures than had ever been caught at that point before. A ripple of excitement passed up and down the run. It looked as though a new record was about to be made.

Down the straightaway and into Shady Corner the sled whirled. It looked like a monster from some prehistoric age as it clung to the side of the ice wall, a low squat beast with the steel shield in front forming an ugly face. Aboard the monster were four helmeted figures, leather masks over

their faces and huge gloves sheathing their hands.

Around to the right it moved at break-neck speed, gliding up to the very top of the precipitous embankment. The force of gravity has sent the men hanging head downwards. The sky was beneath their feet.

Down into the trough it fled and Zig-Zag was next. The crew bobbed furiously into the very mouth of Zig. The spectators held their breaths. No one had ever done that before. In a flash they were through Zig, going so fast that they never hit the gully between the two curves. They just jumped from Zig to Zag.

At Zag disaster almost overtook them. Up to the top of the ice wall they swerved and teetered for a split second along the top. A woman shrieked. The iron-nerved Hubert wrenched over the wheel just in time. On the sled went to the bottom and a new record of 1:44.57.

The weather was freezing but Curtis wiped cold sweat off his brow. The crowd roared in appreciation but there was something of a hysterical note to its applause and an overwhelming feeling of relief that the nerve-wracking ordeal was over.

Courage in its most spectacular form had triumphed again.

But Hubert Stevens only smiled. "Come on, fellows," he said, "this round is on Curtis."

Speech of Acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon

(Continued from page 6)

States citizenship, and refusing to subscribe to a part of the oath prescribed by Congress as a prerequisite for naturalization. He would not unqualifiedly agree to take up arms in defense of this country.

While teachers in New York are expressing an unwillingness to sign an oath of allegiance to the Constitution, we learn of the action of the Assistant Solicitor General of Georgia in confiscating a ton of Communist documents, books, seditious papers, and other propaganda used in the operation of a Communist propaganda center; of the International Labor Defense, conducting statewide agitation among the negro element. They foolishly and fiendishly hope for a class war in which the more than 10,000,000 negroes of the United States will strike at the white race.

In the early part of 1934, in one of the larger western cities of the United States, a roofing inspector employed by that city, came down from an inspection job on the roof of a building and lost his way in a maze of halls. He happened to open a door and found himself looking into an auditorium in which there were well over a thousand children between the apparent ages of eight and fifteen years. At one end of the auditorium was a platform or stage. Placed as a carpet on the stairs that led to the platform was the American flag. Hanging on a curtain which covered the rear portion of the stage was a red flag. As he stood there, the inspector watched the children march up onto the stage, trampling over the American flag, to stand before the red flag and take an oath of allegiance.

THE time has arrived in America when the issue is "Shall it be the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America, or shall it be the red flag of the Communist Internationale?"

This is no longer the time merely to talk our devotion to the flag and the institutions for which it stands—it is time to act our

love of country. Will you, my brothers, join with me in a dedication of this Order and its every Lodge to a year of militant patriotism?

You will be sneered at and reviled by Communists and their sympathizers. They have already coined their phrases of contempt. Those who have imbibed or are imbibing the philosophy of Marx and Lenin will dub you "professional patriots," "super-patriots," "one hundred percenters," "patrioteers." But I believe the time is here when all the people of America must choose the road they shall follow, the company they shall keep, and I ask you to help them choose aright in a year of re-dedication to the flag.

A large part of the people of this country are already in three divisions. In the first division are those who are saturated with a rotten foreign philosophy, who would destroy the churches of God, who would tear His image from the hearts of our people, who belittle and degrade the family relation, who would trade the American home for a Communal hovel wherein the sacred name of "Mother" no longer inspires respect. Those in this division would trample over the American flag to salute with fists upraised the red flag of revolution.

In the second division are those who are willing to await passively the march of events, to enjoy the privileges, the benefits and the protection of American citizenship; but who would not sincerely subscribe anew to an unqualified oath to protect and defend the American Constitution. There are many, unfortunately, in this division who are not Communists, who are sincere, earnest people, and who believe that He whom Isaiah, the great fighter for righteousness, first called the Prince of Peace, demands of them a life of absolute personal pacifism.

In the third division is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America—five hundred thousand organized American citizens—anxious for

(Continued on page 52)

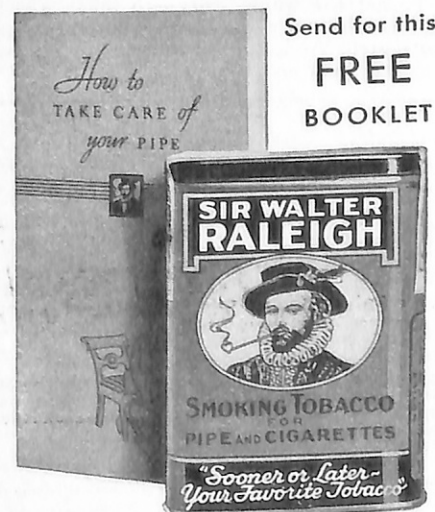
It isn't the heat . . .
IT'S THE FUMIDITY!



IT'S a swell word to describe the gas-attack of that dreadnaught pipe. Webster prints it and says "obsolete"—passed out of use. The young lady caught one whiff and passed out without saying even that much.

Why will ambitious young executives spoil their careers and poison the air with cabbagey tobacco and pipes that should be sent to the dry cleaners? The simple explanation is they haven't discovered the undiluted joy of Sir Walter Raleigh in a clean, sweet pipe. Sir Walter is mild—as only Kentucky Burleys can be. Sir Walter is softly fragrant. And Sir Walter is making rank, heavy tobaccos obsolete while raising pipe-smoking to a new high esteem. Try it.

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Present Position.....

Address.....



(Continued from page 51)

peace and security in the land, believing in and worshipping a Supreme Being, reverencing the Home, devoted to friends, and in every man's heart a shrine made sacred to his Mother. With hands on hearts on the occasion of their every meeting in a session of their Lodge, they reverently salute their flag. Their desire is peace, but they are ready to fight for it. They are ready to fight for a country which never fought for a selfish or an unjust cause, proud of the officers and men who filled the ranks of our army and are filling it today, and of the officers and sailors and aviators who man our fighting ships of the sea and fly our fighting ships of the air, proud of every living, fighting American who has worn the uniform of this country, proud to be militant Americans, proud that pacifism and internationalism and doubt and despair cannot be found in the ritual of the Order of Elks.

Here is a program for action: District and precinct your members under district or precinct leaders, classify your man-power as to its usefulness, in a year of concentrated patriotism. Let the brains of the builders be as active as the brains of the wreckers.

Find out who are teaching your children and what they are teaching them. The great body of American school teachers in public schools and colleges are of the highest type of loyal educated Americans, but one teacher of subversive or "wobbly" doctrines is a menace in a school or college, no matter how loyal the rest may be.

Let no school in any city in which an Elks Lodge exists be a meeting place for those who would directly or by indirection destroy the sacred institutions of this country.

Excerpts from Annual Report of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier

(Continued from page 13)

applicants who had been elected to membership awaiting initiation.

By setting forth these figures here, I do not wish anyone to gain the impression that I claim entire credit for the improvements noted. While the character of my administration, and the large number of my visitations, may have been responsible for some improvement, yet unquestionably, the somewhat improved condition prevailing in the economic world has given material assistance. If we can have a continuation in the betterment of conditions, and the subordinate Lodges will take advantage thereof, it appears to me that during the ensuing year a very favorable result can be obtained. To do this, the officers of the Lodges should, of course, plan to do the most systematic work possible. Special efforts should be put forth to show the advantage of fraternal relationships in promoting contentment and peace and comfort of mind amid the many trials and vicissitudes incident to passing through a period presenting innumerable and difficult problems, not heretofore confronting our people. Publicity concerning our ideals, our hopes and aspirations, and our relief and patriotic work, would materially help in bringing about the desired result.

District Deputies

Under the present arrangement, the Grand Exalted Ruler has about 130 District Deputies. While I was engaged in the visitation of Lodges, I endeavored, to the greatest extent possible, to have my District Deputies travel with me while I have been in their respective districts. This proved to be a great advantage, not only because a District Deputy was able to acquaint me with the

Support your public officials.

If a common council or a board of aldermen or a board of school trustees takes patriotic action or a stand in opposition to the menace of Communism, let the Elks of that community, by prompt and appropriate action, show them that a substantial, organized body of Americans has the courage and good sense to stand behind them.

The police departments and sheriffs' offices of the country are the first line of physical defense. When they do their duty, let them have the encouragement that is their due. Go farther, and give them every assistance that they can use and want within the law.

This program when followed will make us the target of the criticism of the human ostriches who would hide their heads to danger. It also will make us the enemy of every anti-American within and without the United States of America. But it will bring to our sides every loyal, alert American worthy of his birthright.

Then, when the fourteen hundred Elks Lodges situated in every important city in the United States move forward like well-trained shock troops at the zero hour, then my brothers of the Grand Lodge, when you and I have finished this year of service to the Order, we will have made a substantial contribution to the well-being of our great country.

Pacifism, confusion and disorder are the allies of Communism. Let our way be straight and plain. Do not be concerned about being anti-Socialist, anti-Nazi, anti-Fascist, anti-Utopia.

The watchword of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is "Pro-America." I give you this as the corner stone of the program for 1934.

special conditions prevailing in his district, but also because the having of a District Deputy in the official party of the Grand Exalted Ruler tended to dignify and lend proper importance to the office of District Deputy. It must always remain an impossibility, with an Order the size of ours, for its chief executive ever to visit all of the subordinate Lodges within his term. We must rely to a great extent upon our District Deputies to carry on the same kind of work as the Grand Exalted Ruler, insofar as contacting the subordinate Lodges is concerned.

I desire to record my appreciation of the manner in which my District Deputies have, as a whole, performed their duties.

General Assistance

Section 54a, Grand Lodge Statutes, provides that the Board of Grand Trustees may by resolution place in the hands of the Grand Exalted Ruler an amount not to exceed One Thousand (\$1,000) Dollars for assistance of worthy and needy members of the Order who are suffering from diseases of an incurable character or from total disability, and who are without funds or property or relatives able or willing to care for them. Such a fund was set apart for my use.

When I became Grand Exalted Ruler, there were nineteen brothers receiving aid from this fund. There have been some reductions made both in the number of brothers receiving assistance and the amount donated to them respectively. At the time of preparation of this report, there are sixteen brothers receiving aid, and I have expended during the year the total sum of

\$5,298.96 in this connection.

There have been many requests for assistance from the Grand Lodge, but in most cases there were good reasons for denying the same. Moreover there were no material differences between the situation of those applying therefor and thousands of others who made no application for help, and I could see no reason why the Order should make any discrimination between those who were similarly situated. In this connection, many dependents of deceased or disabled members of the Order seem to have the idea it is the duty of the Grand Lodge to underwrite the maintenance and support of them. This, of course, is based on an erroneous premise. While our Order endeavors to relieve distress in extreme cases, the small sum of 35c per year that is paid to the Grand Lodge on the membership of each individual member does not furnish a fund that will enable the Grand Lodge to write an annuity for the dependents of our members.

It appears to me that the officers and members of our subordinate Lodges, as well as the District Deputies and other officials of the Order, should help to correct the impression created in the minds of the uninformed with reference to this subject. To do so, would save the Grand Exalted Ruler from the necessity of writing innumerable letters of explanation, as well as the unpleasant duty of constantly informing someone, usually not a member of the Order, that the organization is not a beneficiary one.

Emergency Charity

Our Statutes make provision for placing under the control of the Grand Exalted Ruler a sum not to exceed \$2,500, out of which emergency donations can be made with the approval of three members of the Board of Grand Trustees. Fortunately, during the year there have been few calamities calling for donations of this character. I made some small donations, namely, the sum of \$100.00 on account of a flood that occurred at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, and a similar amount on account of a tidal-wave occurring at Hampton, Virginia. There was one other donation of like amount which I advanced to the Lodge at Brownsville, Texas, on account of a storm and flood occurring there, but no members of the Order in the vicinity of Brownsville called for any assistance from the Lodge, and the amount was returned to me, and I, in turn, transmitted it to the Grand Secretary to be placed to the credit of the proper fund of the Grand Lodge.

Charters Revoked

In years gone by, there were some Lodges organized in cities that gave promise of the development of a satisfactory organization. However, subsequent years have demonstrated that conditions were not favorable for a Lodge at some of these points. At others, a condition arose in the Lodge that made it advisable, for the good name of the Order, that the charters heretofore granted be revoked. Doubtless in some of these cities a reorganization will be effected, or a new Lodge formed. However, during the year, pursuant to Section 139, Grand Lodge Statutes, I issued my order forfeiting the charters of the following Lodges:

Dayton, Ohio, Lodge No. 58
Kirkville, Missouri, Lodge No. 464
Carthage, Missouri, Lodge No. 529
Maysville, Kentucky, Lodge No. 704
Georgetown, South Carolina, Lodge No. 900
Mexico, Missouri, Lodge No. 919
Moberly, Missouri, Lodge No. 936
San Angelo, Texas, Lodge No. 998
Humboldt, Tennessee, Lodge No. 1098
Hope, Arkansas, Lodge No. 1109
Pawhuska, Oklahoma, Lodge No. 1177
Rogers, Arkansas, Lodge No. 1223

My action in forfeiting the charters of these Lodges has heretofore been approved
(Continued on page 54)

Relax...

before you tackle the
NEXT problem!



5:30 P. M. "I'll be there, John, but I'm awfully tired tonight..."



6:00 P. M. "Let's have a bottle of Blue Ribbon before the meeting."



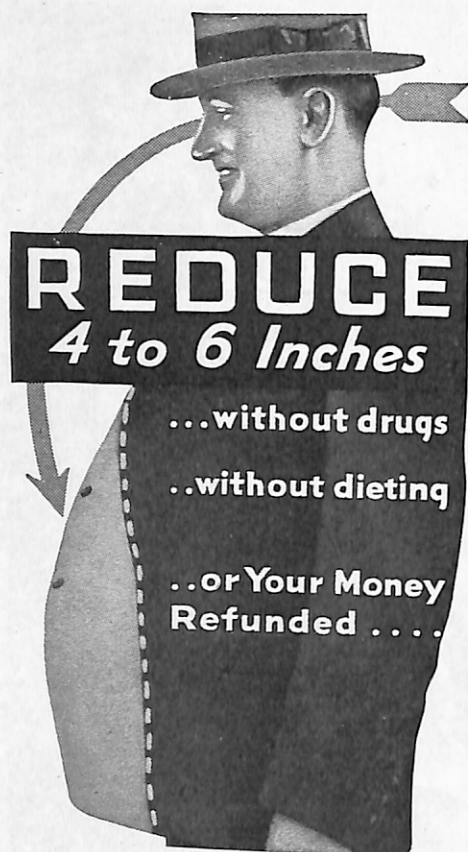
7:00 P. M. "That bottle of Blue Ribbon sure fixed me up!"

WHEN your work piles up so high you can't see your way out... when a thousand things confuse your mind... stop a minute! Relax. Get a new perspective before you tackle the next job. Take time out for a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon. You'll have a real treat coming when that cool refreshing goodness strikes your tongue. You'll feel like a new man! Pabst Blue Ribbon fixes you up at other times, too... noon-time, mid-afternoon, before dinner, before going to bed. But don't spoil your remedy by drinking ordinary beer. Insist on Blue Ribbon with its distinctive taste that makes it America's first-choice. Order a case today. Always keep a few bottles in the refrigerator.

Wives: Don't let that listless tired-out feeling spoil your day, too! Stop and relax with Blue Ribbon.



Pabst BLUE RIBBON BEER



...without drugs

...without dieting

...or Your Money
Refunded

"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
Physician and Surgeon

How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

Improve Your Appearance

This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals. Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve 'shortness of breath,' restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director."

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life." D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans. Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

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Reduce Like This
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

Mail Coupon Now!

LANDON & WARNER Dept. N-16
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me the complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from page 53)
by the Board of Grand Trustees, and I trust the same will also meet with your approval.

Charter Restored

Upon the recommendation of my predecessor, the charter of Poplar Bluff Lodge No. 589, located at Popular Bluff, Missouri, was forfeited. At the time this action was taken, the Lodge was delinquent in the payment of its obligation to the Grand Lodge, but before the Grand Lodge session closed, the officers of the Lodge signified to the Grand Secretary the desire and ability of the Lodge to pay this obligation, and gave assurance that the Lodge would be rehabilitated. This being brought to my attention, I issued my order restoring the charter, and developments since that time appear to justify this action, which has heretofore been approved by the Board of Grand Trustees, and which I trust will also meet with your approval.

New Lodges

Early in the year, I granted a dispensation for the organization of a new Lodge at Concord, North Carolina. From all reports, the new organization has been making fine progress. It has made its application for the issuance of a charter to it and has paid the requisite fee, and I recommend that a charter be granted.

I had hoped that I might be able to report the organization of a new Lodge at Kilgore, Texas. I have, for transmission to my successor, a petition for a dispensation for the organization of this Lodge, and the application has the approval of the members of the governing body of the Texas State Elks Association. The Lodge situated nearest Kilgore, Texas, namely, Marshall Lodge No. 683, at its regular session on June 6, 1934, approved the entire list of names contained on the petition as worthy of membership in our Order. Owing to the absence from Kilgore of the brother responsible for this movement, there has been some delay in furnishing to me the organization minutes and the record of votes in respect to the petitioners for the dispensation who were not already members of the Order. I am confident that these requirements will be complied with within the next few weeks and that we shall soon have a fine Lodge of the Order located at this point.

State Associations

During the year, in connection with my visitations, I have been privileged to attend nine State Association meetings, and in a number of instances, where I was unable to attend such meetings, I requested some Past Grand Exalted Ruler or Grand Lodge officer or committeeman to be present in my stead. I would have been glad to have attended more of them personally, but it was an impossibility to coordinate my other engagements so as to make that possible. It is to be hoped that such coordination can be worked out during the ensuing year so that the Grand Exalted Ruler may be present at a greater number of such meetings.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge, our Statutes were amended to place under the supervision of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, the matter of fostering proficiency in the rendition of the ritual and promoting inter-Lodge ritualistic contests, as well as conducting a national ritualistic contest. One of the matters arising in this connection was the consideration of augmenting the sum set aside by the Kansas City Grand Lodge Convention Committee for prizes to the winning teams in the national contest to be held in connection with this session of the Grand Lodge.

The amount set aside by the local Committee for this purpose was \$200.00. Brother Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, was of the opinion that this amount was inadequate for this purpose, and in view of the fact that the expenditures incurred by his Committee during the year have been but nominal, upon his recommendation, I have approved the use of the sum of \$300.00 to be distributed as a part of the prizes in connection with the contest. One of the things that the Grand Lodge is vitally interested in is the interest to be aroused in the ritualistic work of the Order, and although the sum, the expenditure of which I have authorized, is small, yet, I am confident that its use will tend to promote the object for which the national contests were established. I trust my action in this regard will meet with your approval.

Building Applications

During the year, pursuant to the provisions contained in our law, there have been submitted to the Board of Grand Trustees, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and to me, applications for the construction of Homes or the making of alterations therein, but in number not as great as characterized some previous administrations. In most of such instances, the applications disclosed that the proposed expenditures were justified, and finding that to be the case in the following instances, I approved the same:

Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15...	\$27,500.00
Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge No. 93...	granting to the Finance Committee certain powers in respect to the Lodge and Country Club.
Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175...	\$10,000.00
Pittsburg, Kansas, Lodge No. 412	7,500.00
Norwich, Conn., Lodge No. 430...	17,000.00
Towson, Maryland, Lodge No. 469	3,300.00
Westerly, R. I., Lodge No. 678...	10,800.00
Morristown, N. J., Lodge No. 815	10,000.00
Troy, Ohio, Lodge No. 833...	5,000.00
Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892...	20,000.00
Medford, Oregon, Lodge No. 1168	refinancing plan
Leighton, Pa., Lodge No. 1284...	49,500.00
Duncan, Okla., Lodge No. 1446...	1,500.00
Las Vegas, Nevada, Lodge No. 1468	15,000.00
Brookings, S. Dak., Lodge No. 1490	5,000.00
Eustis, Fla., Lodge No. 1578...	4,000.00

In connection with this subject, I think it proper to speak a word of warning to subordinate Lodges. A Lodge of our Order does not exist for the purpose of operating hotels, business blocks or other enterprises that are not essentially requisites to the developing of a fraternal spirit among members. Many times officers and members of subordinate Lodges have permitted themselves to become enthused with the idea of erecting, possessing and operating a magnificent structure, the effect of which, where done, has had a tendency to change the character of a Lodge from one of a fraternal nature to that of a business venture.

The hazards incident to such a change have been amply demonstrated, unfortunately, in connection with a number of our Lodges, and it is hoped that the experience of the past few years in this regard will have a tendency to make our members realize the inadvisability of substituting what is essentially a business organization for a fraternal one. While a number of fine structures have been lost to the Lodges that erected them, yet, I have been greatly pleased with the spirit that I found prevailing in most of those Lodges when, after taking their loss, they have found that in spite of all, a wonderful fraternal organization can be built up and maintained when it is housed in a structure of a more modest type, free entirely from anything that partakes of the nature of a business operation.

Elks Magazine

During the year THE ELKS MAGAZINE has continued to demonstrate its great value to the Order. Although, in common with all other magazine publications, it has had to overcome difficulties that have been peculiar to conditions prevailing in the business world, yet, under the direction of The National Memorial and Publication Commission and Brother Joseph T. Fanning, as

Editor and Executive Director, and his able assistants, it has maintained its previous high character. Without the Magazine, it would be an impossibility for the members of our Order generally to know anything about the activities of the subordinate Lodges and the Grand Lodge officers and committees.

It has also afforded the only practical means of placing before the members the details of my program during the year, as well as giving to them some account of my visitations. Judging from the number of brothers who have commented to me upon these matters during the year as they have been set forth in the Magazine, I am confident that its publication has been a great factor for the development of the Order, and I trust that those who have been responsible for establishing its enviable record as a national publication, may be spared to us for many years to come, so that the Order may continue to have the benefit of their invaluable services.

Elks National Foundation

I have been especially interested in promoting the Elks National Foundation. Wherever an opportunity presented itself for disseminating knowledge and information relative to this Foundation, I have improved the same. In this connection, there have come to my attention some interesting details which will doubtless be referred to by Brother John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, at the time he makes his report.

There have been contributions to this fund not only by individuals, but also by Lodges, and I am confident that with the restoration of normal economic conditions in our country, it will experience a marked and deserved growth. The granting of scholarships out of the fund has created a considerable interest, particularly in connection with the work of State Associations, and I wish to record my appreciation of the methods employed by the Trustees of the fund to promote its growth and value to the Order.

Elks National Home

It has been my privilege during the year to visit our National Home at Bedford, Virginia, twice. During the first visit, I was privileged to speak to our brothers who are residing here, and tell them something of the work that was being done in the Lodges under my program of the year. My second visit was when I went to Bedford to attend the meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees during the month of May. Upon this occasion, I was privileged to be at the Home for a period of three days.

I was greatly impressed with the favorable conditions which I found there and I feel that I would not be doing justice to my own feelings, as well as the conditions prevailing there, did I not make official mention of the efficient work that is being done by Brother Robert A. Scott, as Superintendent of this Home. His management appeared to me to be worthy of commendation. Not only have his efforts been of a satisfactory character from the standpoint of the Grand Lodge, but those of our brothers who are residents in the Home also feel fortunate to live under the conditions there prevailing as a result of his conduct of affairs.

Elks National Memorial Building

Following the close of the Grand Lodge session in Milwaukee, I found it advisable to be in the City of Chicago for several weeks in order to dispatch such details in connection with the administration of the Grand Lodge affairs as required immediate attention. During this period of time, naturally I made my headquarters in our National Memorial Building. I was amazed at

(Continued on page 56)

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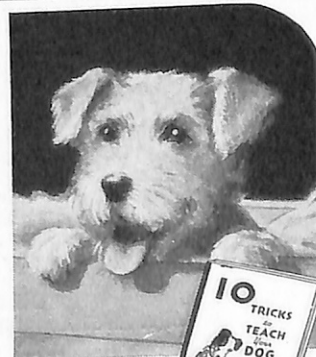
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(Continued from page 55)

the number of people who came into this wonderful structure daily to view its stateliness, the beauty of its mural paintings, and the conveniences afforded for the dispatch of such business of the Grand Lodge as must be handled from a central point.

The propriety of the erection of this memorial to those who gave their services to our country during the World War has been the subject of comment of many of my predecessors. I will not repeat here what they have said, but only voice the satisfaction and pride engendered in my heart as a result of hearing the numberless expressions on the part of visitors of the spirit that prompted its erection.

Conclusion

I cannot bring this report to a conclusion without giving expression to my appreciation of the great assistance rendered to me during the year by the Past Grand Exalted Rulers of our Order, as well as those brothers who have constituted my official family.

Everyone has seemed anxious to render service wherever possible. I have called upon no one for consultation, advice or assistance, without having an instant response. Had I been compelled to bear the burden alone, I must have failed in the effort. With the ready assistance offered on every hand, I have come through the year in perfect physical condition, notwithstanding the long travels, the many addresses, and the difficult problems that came to hand from time to time. I also come to the end of the year with the satisfaction of mind engendered by a consciousness of having, to my utmost ability, rendered the best service of which I was capable. Doubtless, there have been many shortcomings apparent to those who looked on, but such failures as have appeared, have not been due to lack of desire to overcome all, but rather to the limitations that characterize all human effort.

At the time of my election to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, I endeavored to express my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me. Now, at the conclusion of

my administration, I realize how inadequate were my words to give expression to what I knew was within my heart, but the full import of which I did not appreciate until I was permitted to experience the things that have come into my life during the year. Equally inadequate are any words that I might now use to make expression of this feeling of gratitude and appreciation. To do so, one would have to be endowed with a gift of thought and expression beyond my power. I trust that in my efforts on behalf of the Order during the past, and those which I hope will characterize my future life, all may read something of what I feel in my heart.

For the members upon our rolls, and those who shall come to us in the future, I wish the best things that life can possibly bring to them, a zeal and earnestness of desire to render service to their fellow men immediately surrounding them, as well as to humanity at large, and in the end that peace and satisfaction that can only come from a realization of an effort well performed.

Excerpts from Annual Reports

(Continued from page 15)

of Elk endeavor for the good of the Order. Such rules and regulations as were deemed necessary were published in the May 1934 issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The account of the action taken by our Board with respect to these prizes will be covered in a supplemental report.

Welcomes Small Donations

A REVIEW of the subscriptions to the Elks National Foundation shows that only 111 members of the 556,764 total membership shown in last year's report of the Grand Secretary, have contributed directly to the Elks National Foundation. This fact and comments which have come to us at various times from different sources brings us to the conclusion that the members of our Order are of the opinion that we do not care to receive small donations. This is an erroneous opinion. We have recognized always the efficacy of small contributions from many sources. We repeat what we have pointed out heretofore, that if every member of our Order should at some time during the next year, by convenient payments, send as much as \$5.00 to the Elks National Foundation, our fund would be increased by three million dollars and our annual income, in the course of the next year or two, by \$120,000. Do you not realize the tremendous power for good which would be ours if the mites of many make mighty our National Foundation? Therefore, we appeal to the members to respond as and when they can with contributions of any amount whatsoever.

In order that there may be some direction and guidance to this movement, we request the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge, either personally or through the Esteemed Leading Knight, to enroll the members as Foundation Volunteers, pledged to send into the Foundation over a year or two-year period a contribution of at least \$5.00. Already this idea has been put into effect by one of the Massachusetts Lodges, Peabody No. 1409, and a substantial number of the Lodge members are now enrolled as Foundation Volunteers.

Recently the Chairman of our Board attended the Indiana State Elks Convention and found a most favorable reaction to this program of small donations. We shall ask the District Deputies and the officers of the State Associations to co-operate with the officers of the subordinate Lodges in this promotion. Regardless of the amount by which our fund may be augmented, this plan should bring to the membership an intimate knowledge of our Foundation's purposes.

Mindful of the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect's militant call to action, that all Elks may marshal power of brain and brawn and resources to combat Communism and every anti-American doctrine and trend, we repeat the declaration of our 1932 report—

"We wish to give notice that the Elks National Foundation Trustees will welcome the opportunity to assist any group movement of the subordinate Lodges of our great American fraternity which has as its purpose the fostering of American principles in the hearts and minds of the young people of the nation to strengthen them against this vicious propaganda."

It is with sincerest appreciation of the courtesy and helpfulness of advice and action on the part of Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, of Executive Director Joseph T. Fanning of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and of the officers and members of the Order, that this report is respectfully submitted.

John F. Malley, Chairman

Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman

Murray Hubert, Sec'y.

James G. McFarland, Treas.

Edward Rightor

Charles H. Grakelow

Lawrence H. Rupp

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION

May 31, 1934

PRINCIPAL AND INCOME

PRINCIPAL:

Donations Received:

Grand Lodge

State Associations, Subordinate Lodges and

Individuals

\$100,000.00

241,588.50

TOTAL DONATIONS RECEIVED

Profit on Disposition of Security

\$341,588.50

175.00

PRINCIPAL BALANCE

INCOME:

Bond Interest Received

\$49,446.89

Less: Bond Premiums Amortized

1,622.68

\$ 47,824.21

Interest on Bank Accounts Received

1,234.79

Dividends Received

6,579.00

\$ 55,638.00

Total Income Received

11,127.59

Less: 20% appropriated for Security Depreciation Offset

\$ 44,510.41

Balance

Less: Distributions of Income for various charitable purposes

36,150.00

INCOME AVAILABLE FOR DISTRIBUTION

APPROPRIATED FOR SECURITY DEPRECIATION OFFSET (DEDUCTED ABOVE)

8,360.41

11,127.59

TOTAL PRINCIPAL AND INCOME

\$361,251.50

CASH ON HAND

First National Bank of Chicago

\$ 12,601.10

First National Bank of Chicago (Depreciation Offset Fund Cash)

129.78

Merchants National Bank of Boston

\$ 12,730.88

19,768.65

\$ 32,499.53

INVESTMENTS

Stocks

41,756.93

Bonds

\$277,603.96

Less Amortization

1,622.68

275,981.28

Depreciation Offset Fund Bonds

10,997.81

\$328,736.02

Expenses due from Grand Lodge

13.59

Accrued interest paid

2.36

\$361,251.50

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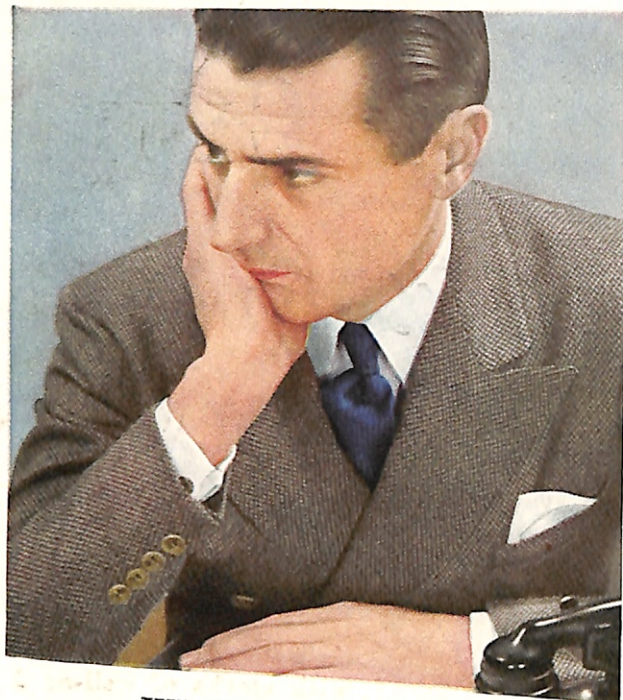
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